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Jenny Lind

From the engraving by T. B. Welch

HAPPY WOMEN

BY MYRTLE REED

Dolly Madison — Dorothy Wordsworth
Queen Louise — Caroline Herschel
Elizabeth Browning — Charlotte Cushman
Lucretia Mott — Florence Nightingale
Sister Dora — Jenny Lind — Louisa Alcott
Queen Victoria —

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
New York and London
The Knickerbocker Press

1913

■

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BY
JAMES S. McCULLOUGH

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Foreword

Foreword

"What act of Legislature was there that thou shouldst be Happy? What if thou wert born and predestined not to be Happy but to be Unhappy? Close thy Byron; open thy Goethe. There is in man a Higher than Love of Happiness; he can do without Happiness and instead thereof find Blessedness!"

CARLYLE.

MYRTLE REED the novelist, the humourist, the poet, was well-known; Myrtle Reed the thinker and philosopher was known to but few, for she was chary about disclosing this side of her complex nature.

When but about eighteen, she became enamoured of Carlyle, and *Sartor Resartus* made an indelible impression upon her mind. Other deep thinkers and philosophers followed Carlyle in her reading, and while she read voluminously of poetry and

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fiction—grave and gay—she was always interested in philosophical studies, up to the very time of her untimely death, when some of the modern German philosophers were claiming her attention.

She read so voraciously and thought so deeply that, but for her keen sense of humour, the black cloud which enveloped her the last year of her life would I feel sure have descended upon her years before it did.

Frequently, when talking with the writer, she would quote, almost verbatim, some pertinent passage from *Sartor Resartus*, always referring to the author thereof as "our friend Tommy C." It was characteristic of her that the more august the personage referred to, the more lightly and familiarly would she name that individual. Thus, Emerson, George Eliot, and others for whose words she had the highest regard, had each his fondly familiar appellation in her conversation.

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<p>She regarded <i>Sartor Resartus</i> as one of the greatest books of the century, and one which had exerted an incalculable influence upon her life. In this connection I feel compelled to relate an incident which now seems to me far more significant than it did when it occurred, which was fully ten or twelve years ago when I regarded Myrtle Reed as but little more than a school girl.</p> <p>I chanced upon her one day in the street car, intent upon a small volume. The only vacant seat was almost opposite her, and into it I sank without attracting her attention, thereby (in my own opinion) exhibiting commendatory self-sacrifice. Presently she saw me, and with characteristic cordiality and one of her most comical exclamations—she was pastmaster in original salutations and pleasantly satirical appellations for her friends—motioned me to the seat beside her just vacated. I naturally glanced at the little</p>	<p>foreword</p>

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Foreword	<p>book in her hand and saw that it was her loved and oft-quoted <i>Sartor</i>, and in reply, as it were, to my expression of pleasurable surprise, she vehemently broke forth with: "Yes, I picked it up when starting on this long car ride because I needed a tonic. The front sheet of my morning paper completely upset me, for it told several stories of divorce in high life on account—in the majority of the cases—of the wife's wanting a 'career.' It made me fairly ill. I was positively heartsick over one or two of the cases, and so ashamed of my sex, that my own self-respect fell far below par so that I needed a strong stimulant—a good, stiff dose of orthodoxy, and where better could I go than to dear old Tommy C.? How I wish that every High School girl were compelled to memorise parts of this chapter—"The Everlasting Yea") and recite them aloud every morning as part of her 'devotional exercises'! Listen to</p>

this: "(quoting the paragraph at the head of this introduction).

"You forget that there are now no 'devotional exercises' in school," I reminded her, and then queried why she did not include the brothers in her would-be compulsory inculcation of Carlyle's wisdom.

"Oh, all need it, unquestionably, but to-day it seems to me it is woman more than man who needs to have a better acquaintance with that word Duty of which dear old Tommy speaks so earnestly in this chapter. When we see so many women utterly regardless of their responsibilities to their homes; when we see the incessant pursuit of pleasure—'happiness' they would call it—on the part of so many mothers through the many avenues open to the woman of comparative leisure—card parties or receptions four afternoons a week and the matinee the

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Foreword	<p>remaining two, while their children are taking care of themselves—with all that that phrase implies—is it any wonder that homes are disrupted and foolish women are seeking ‘careers’ while their abandoned children and husbands seek <i>their</i> ‘happiness’ in diverse and divergent ways ?”</p> <p>I was astonished at this exhibition of strong feeling on her part and while mentally agreeing with her, I appeared to disagree by reminding her that very often it was the husband who was the selfish pleasure-seeker forgetting his home ties.</p> <p>“I ‘ll admit the truth of your argument,” she replied, “but you study the history of disrupted or inharmonious homes that come under your knowledge for the next few months, and see if in the majority of cases the beginning of it was not on account of the woman’s distorted sense of her part in the matrimonial partnership, with the</p>

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<p>resulting discouragement and digression on the part of her husband."</p> <p>At this time Myrtle was not married (I had been for many years), so, naturally, while secretly concurring, I charged her with unfairness and of being an idealist; but as we were nearing the end of our ride together, I closed the discussion by asking her about the new book she had under way and about which she had told me during its first "glimmering" (to use her own expression) some time before—<i>Lavender and Old Lace</i>. She reported its progress and then reverted to the first part of our conversation, the disrupted homes, which seemed to weigh upon her. Then referring to her novel, she spoke freely. I recall her enthusiasm and her words as though it were but yesterday, for <i>to-day</i> they seem prophetic: "O, Mary B.! I <i>know</i> it will be a success; don't you feel that it will be?" I asked her what she</p>	<p>Foreword</p>

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Foreword	<p>would call success with her novel. “Why, it would mean thousands of copies sold, which would indicate that my work was pleasing, and it would mean, not only the money I should have to do the things I have dreamed about, but, greater than that, it would mean that there is a sure and pleasant way I may have of preaching my own theology or philosophy, or what you may call it—sugar-coated, or in homoeopathic doses. We take our sermons and philosophy so much more readily through fiction than fact, than through didactic preaching. See what a rare opportunity I should have of influencing young people—especially young women—for I shall always write stories of simple lives and homes—stories that I hope will make women think of their particular duties in the home life, and that will set before young girls a high ideal of life—the highest ideal—as exemplified in daily home life,</p>

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<p>and, perhaps, homely, simple tasks. I do not believe in divorce, and I am going to try to lift my voice against it by my indirect preaching with the pen. Did you ever ponder on the power of the printed word, Mary B.? Every time I see that sentence on our great book store's window shades—"Words are the only things that last"—I am duly thankful for my gift of writing and more determined to perfect myself in that art of expression. "Careers"! As though there <i>could</i> be a greater career for a woman than making a happy home!"</p> <p>Here our ways parted for that day. Her earnestness greatly impressed me, and in the light of subsequent events, this recital seems peculiarly pertinent here.</p> <p>"Success," as she had defined it for herself, she gained in full and overflowing measure. Within a short time after the meeting above recorded, <i>Lavender and Old Lace</i> made its appearance (1902), to</p>	Foreword

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Foreword	<p>meet with such favour that over five hundred thousand copies were sold. It was translated into several foreign languages, Swedish among them, and has been dramatised.</p> <p>It is unnecessary to dwell upon the story of her phenomenal success with the books which in rapid succession followed <i>Lavender</i>. Suffice it to say in each novel she held to her early ideals and came into heart touch with many thousands of homes throughout the world. The English friends of this gifted writer found in her books "a dash of Jane Austen." Besides writing stories of absorbing heart-interest, she had "her opportunity" of putting into the mouths of her characters bits of her own philosophy. Sometimes in most beautiful, poetical paragraphs, often in witty epigrams couched in the colloquial language of some of her rustic characters; but she never wrote a story that might</p>

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<p>not be put into the hands of a young girl.</p> <p>In 1906, Myrtle Reed became the wife of a young Irish-Canadian, Mr. James Sidney McCullough, and together they made one of the homes that Myrtle Reed had so often written about. Their home became the centre of a large circle of friends and their happiness seemed contagious. Some marriages among their friends occurred through the happy intervention of herself and husband.</p> <p>While a member of a literary and artistic family, she was greatly indebted for sympathy in her work to her father and her husband. She often remarked that "if it were not for the love and sympathy of my husband and Daddy, I should not be able to write a single line; they believe in me and inspire me; and the very minute they cease to love me, that minute I shall cease to write."</p>	Foreword

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Foreword	<p>Some of her best work was done after her marriage. Recalling here the manner in which her stories came to her—first the flashing of the title, then the seething of her brain over plot and characters till of their own apparent personalities the latter gravitated into a plot which grew out of the title—it will perhaps be of interest to relate another little story. Often, before she had recuperated from the strain of producing one novel, another suggestive and pertinacious title would fasten itself upon her brain, and there was no escape from it.</p> <p>Such was the case but a little while before her death. Two books were in press, to be out within a few weeks, when, already exhausted, the title <i>A Cobweb in the Grass</i> fastened itself upon her tired brain and could not be shaken off. The plot began to shape itself around the question of divorce and the characters—two of</p>

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<p>them middle-aged—"old enough to behave themselves," she said. About two months before her death, she was driving through Lincoln Park with her husband, feeling unusually well and happy, when she spied two little maiden ladies of uncertain age—evidently twins, dressed very quaintly and exactly alike. "What dear, funny old maids!" she exclaimed, laying her hand on her husband's arm; "drive slowly and turn so as to face them!" They followed them for some time, Myrtle seeming fascinated by them. Finally they drove from them, Myrtle remarking, "They belong in <i>A Cobweb in the Grass</i> and I <i>must</i> put them in; but they won't be any Siamese Twins."</p> <p>But too soon the strain of an overworked brain brought the heavy cloud, and the bitter blackness. Oh! the pity of that bitter last year!</p> <p>And oh! the joy of it—that "words are the only things that last."</p>	Foreword

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foreword	<p>At almost any page of any book Myrtle Reed wrote we can cull inspiring and amusing bits of her philosophy, as the following paragraphs will indicate:</p> <p>“The only way to win happiness is to give it. The more we give the more we have.” <i>Old Rose and Silver.</i></p> <p>“Happiness is not a circumstance nor a set of circumstances; it 's only a light and we may keep it burning if we will. We deliberately make nearly all of our unhappiness with our own unreasonable discontent, and nothing will ever make us happy, deary, except the spirit within.”—<i>Lavender and Old Lace.</i></p> <p>“The happiness of duty is in every creed, but the duty of happiness is seldom taught.” <i>Year Book.</i></p> <p>“You have only one day at a time to live. Get all the content you can out of it, and let the rest wait, like a bud, till the sun of to-morrow shows you the rose.”—<i>The Master's Violin.</i></p> <p>“The shallows touch the pebbles, and behold, there is a little song. The deeps are stirred to their foundations, and long afterward there is a single vast strophe, majestic</p>

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<p>and immortal, which takes its place by right in the symphony of pain."—<i>The Master's Violin</i>.</p> <p>"The appointed thing comes at the appointed time in the appointed way. There is no terror save my own fear."—<i>Master of the Vineyard</i>.</p> <p>"Life will give us back whatever we put into it. In a way, it's just like a bank. Put joy into the world and it will come back to you with compound interest, but you can't check out either money or happiness when you have made no deposits."—<i>Flower of the Dusk</i>.</p> <p>"It is a way of life and one of its inmost compensations—this finding of a reality so much easier than our fears."—<i>A Spinner in the Sun</i>.</p> <p>"It is unyielding Honour at the core of things that keeps them sound and sweet." <i>The Spinster Book</i>.</p> <p>"God has made it so that love given must unfailingly come back an hundred-fold; the more we give, the richer we are. And Heaven is only a place where the things that have gone wrong here will at last come right." <i>Flower of the Dusk</i>.</p>	<p>Foreword</p>

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Foreword	<p>“Nothing strengthens a woman’s self-confidence like a proposal. One is a wonder, two a superfluity, and three an epidemic. Four are proof of unusual charm, five go to the head, and it is a rare girl whom six or seven will not permanently spoil.”—<i>The Spinster Book</i>.</p> <p>“We are never young but once, and Youth asks no greater privilege than to fight its own battles. It is mistaken kindness to shield—it weakens one in the years to come.”—<i>The Master’s Violin</i>.</p> <p>“True lovers are as certain to return as Bo-Peep’s flock or a systematically deported cat. Shamefaced, but surely, the man comes back.”—<i>The Spinster Book</i>.</p> <p>“Art thou in doubt? Then let thy straining eyes look up to the Star of Faith. Art thou disheartened? The light of new courage shall shine upon thee there. Art thou sorrowful? Put by thy rue and gather the Life Everlasting.”—<i>Later Love-Letters of a Musician</i>.</p> <p>“So far as man is of the earth, earthy, by the earth and its fruits may he be healed, but the heavenly part of him may be ministered unto by the angels of God.”—<i>Old Rose and Silver</i>.</p>

"Making an issue of a little thing is one of the surest ways to spoil happiness. One's personal pride is felt to be vitally injured by surrender, but there is no quality of human nature so nearly royal as the ability to yield gracefully. It shows small confidence in one's own nature to fear that compromise lessens self-control. To consider constantly the comfort and happiness of another is not a sign of weakness, but a sign of strength."

The Spinster Book.

"One of love's divinest gifts is the power to bestow beauty wherever it goes. . . . For the beauty of the spirit may transfigure its earth-bound temple, as some vast and grey cathedral, with its lights streaming from its stained-glass windows and eloquent with chimes and singing, may breathe incense and benediction upon every passer-by."—*Master of the Vineyard.*

"Fame is a laurel wreath laid upon a tomb."

"Better a thousand times that marriage should spoil a career, than for the career to spoil marriage."

"Anger is a better weapon than tears; a burr commands more respect than a sensitive plant."

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Foreword	<p>“I think that the Ideal consists in minding your own business and gently but firmly assisting others to mind theirs.”—<i>At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern.</i></p> <p>“I have come to see that joy comes through what we give rather than through what we take, happiness through service, not through being served, and peace through labour, not rest.”—<i>Master of the Vineyard.</i></p> <p>“He had come to see that the world is full of kindness, that through the countless masks of varying personalities all hearts beat in perfect unison, and that joy, in reality, is immortal, while pain dies in a day.”—<i>Old Rose and Silver.</i></p> <p>“If we could only use other folks' experience, this here world would be heaven in about three generations; but we're so constructed that we never believe fire 'll burn till we poke our own fingers in to see. Other folks' scars don't go no ways at all toward convincin' us.”—<i>At the Sign of the Jack-o'-Lantern.</i></p> <p>“There are countless joys in the world, but the griefs are few and old. The humblest of us can find new happiness, but there has been no increase of sorrow since the world was made. There's a fixed and invariable quantity of it, and we take turns in having it—</p>

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<p>that's all. Nothing comes to any of us that some one before us has not met like a soldier, bravely and well."—<i>The Shadow of Victory</i>.</p> <p>She kept constantly at hand a small note book, and whenever an idea for a story or poem, or article of any character occurred to her, she jotted it down. Even a title, without a "glimmering" of anything to follow when it fastened itself before her "mind's eye," as on a screen, was noted. After a while substance matter began to gravitate toward a certain subject or title, and in an incredibly short time lo! the finished short story, poem, or novel appeared.</p> <p>At one time for a period of several weeks, we had seats together for a course of lectures, and we planned to be on hand a half hour early each day in order to have time for a little chat. One day, we were discussing happiness and success and their contributing elements, which had been</p>	Foreword

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Foreword	<p>brought to our minds by something said by the lecturer the previous week. The following week she said: "I have glimmerings of a good idea, I think, for a series of short biographies of noted women whose lives, I believe, beautifully illustrate our little discussion of last week and our decision that nothing but unselfish service brings us happiness regardless of worldly possessions or the want of them." She then told me the names of her "heroines in real life," whose histories she intended to shape into a series of magazine sketches; and I heartily concurred in her judgment.</p> <p>Time hurried on—each weekly meeting had its own timely little topic under discussion—and before we were aware the course was at an end, and we had not once reverted to the "biographies." Life grew more complex for both of us, and we met less frequently, for Chicago's magnificent distances often interfere with the pursuit</p>

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<p>of friendship; but we "met" over the phone, and a few times each year, usually with others around us, but I heard nothing about the sketches above mentioned. But here they are, ready to come into your lives to inspire and bless you, whether you be the aged Grandmother whose days are happiest through retrospection, or the gay young girl in her teens seeking happiness through her dreams of the future.</p> <p>In this little book of twelve biographical sketches entitled <i>Happy Women</i>, Myrtle Reed has performed a real service to humanity. These sketches tell the stories of women, more or less famous, six of them married, six unmarried. The subjects, many of them, were well-known in literature before our beloved author determined to write of them. But so trenchant and pertinent are <i>her</i> stories of these noble women, that we read them with the avidity of a first reading.</p>	Foreword

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Foreword	<p>This group, you will observe, contains two queens; one "First Lady of the Land"; two maiden sisters of famous brothers, each of whom might have surpassed her brother's fame had she not unselfishly chosen obscurity and <i>service</i> that her brother might shine in the world; one—perhaps the <i>greatest</i>—woman poet; one great actress; one great singer—perhaps both of the latter the greatest in their professions; two nurses; one author; and one we shall have to classify as a preacher and humanitarian.</p> <p>"Why," ask you, "did she give them the name of 'Happy Women' when in the life of each she chronicles some sorrows? "</p> <p>Because each life represents achievement over some obstacles, self-mastery and unselfish service to Humanity in a large or small circle of life, which meant the loving devotion of those thus served. The happiness which comes from the</p>

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<p>knowledge of having "performed one's nearest duty," or through unselfish service to others, is the highest happiness one can achieve, and <i>this</i> happiness came to each woman herein named. Was it not rather the "Blessedness" of Carlyle that enveloped these women whose lives form so valuable a fraction toward the education of Humanity?</p> <p>One of the latter-day philosophers of whom Myrtle was fond wrote:</p> <p>"Humanity rises and falls, rises and falls in great wavelike motions, and with each huge wave it is purified of some dross of error, and enriched by some pearl of truth brought up from the deeps."</p> <p>"Individuals die, but so much of truth as they have received and revealed to Humanity, so much of unselfish, uncalculating service as they have rendered to Humanity is not forgotten—cannot be lost when they die; Humanity recalls their lives, treasures up their contribution, and those who follow where they trod reap the benefit."</p>	Foreword

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foreword	<p>Each of us is born into an atmosphere of thoughts and beliefs cumulated by the whole of bygone Humanity, and each of us brings, unconsciously mayhap, a more or less valuable contribution to the life of Humanity to come. Some one has likened the education of Humanity to the rise of those pyramids in the East, to which every passer-by adds a stone. So <i>we</i> pass—wayfarers of a day—each casting on to the growing pyramids of Humanity his life's stone, called to complete <i>our</i> education elsewhere.</p> <p>So passed along the great highway of life—for just a morning—it seems, the bright, joyous, generous-hearted being, whose contribution to the education of Humanity has made us ever more her debtors—Myrtle Reed McCullough, and the noble women whose lives she lays before us in this little volume.</p> <p><i>Were</i> these “Happy Women” as Carlyle defined happiness? Surely blessedness</p>

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<p>followed them all the days of their life. Is not that truly higher than Happiness as the world calls happiness?</p> <p>Were their lives "successful" as the world calls success, or as Myrtle defined that word? Let us apply this definition of the word and see if they do not measure up to the highest line:</p> <p>"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued Soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."</p> <p>MARY BADOLLET POWELL.</p> <p>CHICAGO, July 22, 1913.</p>	Foreword

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Dolly Madison

Dolly Madison

THOUGH Dolly Madison was born in North Carolina, one always thinks of her as a true Virginian. Her father, John Payne, and her mother were strict Quakers, and yet the little maid was compelled to wear "a white linen mask to keep every ray of sunshine from her complexion, a sun-bonnet sewed on her head every morning by her careful mother, and long gloves covering the hands and arms."

Possibly, to this unrelenting care was due the exquisite complexion which was afterward Dolly Madison's greatest beauty, but one would hate to see it proved, lest the city streets be filled with ladies veiled as closely as any Moslem.

Dolly
Madison

4	Dolly Madison
Dolly Madison	<p>When Dolly was eighteen, the family moved to Philadelphia amid incredible difficulties. A journey which is now a matter of a few hours in a Pullman car was then made by carriage over wellnigh impassable roads. Sometimes, lost in a trackless morass, horses would flounder hopelessly in the mud and travellers be obliged to wait until other teams came to their rescue.</p> <p>Once in Philadelphia, Miss Payne's black hair, blue eyes, rose-leaf complexion, and winning ways played havoc with the hearts of susceptible swains. At twenty-two, she married John Todd, a young lawyer who had been of great assistance to her father in his financial difficulties. According to some accounts, the marriage was not one of love on her part, though unquestionably so upon his.</p> <p>Yet she made him a devoted wife and bore him two children. Three years after</p>



Dolly Madison

From an old print

their marriage, yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia, and presently assumed the proportions of an epidemic. When her baby was but three weeks old, she was carried on a litter to Gray's Ferry to escape the plague. Mr. Todd returned to Philadelphia to attend his father and mother, who were both dying of it. When he came to Gray's Ferry, the fever was already in his veins. In a few hours, both he and the baby were dead, and the young mother believed to be dying.

At length, however, she recovered, and after the plague had died out, she returned to Philadelphia with her mother and her infant son, Payne Todd, afterward fated to cause her so many heartaches and so much distress. She was twenty-five or -six, in the full bloom of her youthful beauty, and proved so dangerously attractive to the eligible gallants that a friend said to her: "Really, Dolly, thou must

6	Dolly Madison
Dolly Madison	<p data-bbox="260 247 890 341">hide thy face, there are so many staring at thee."</p> <p data-bbox="260 357 890 718">Among the strangers who admired the blue-eyed beauty in her daily promenades along the fashionable thoroughfares of Philadelphia, was James Madison, "Father of the Constitution." He begged Aaron Burr, who boarded with Mrs. Payne and her daughter to present him.</p> <p data-bbox="260 733 890 984">"Dear Friend," wrote Dolly, to Mrs. Lee, "thou must come to me. Aaron Burr says that the great little Madison has asked to be brought to see me this evening."</p> <p data-bbox="260 1000 890 1408">Mr. Madison was forty-three, and presumably, a confirmed bachelor. The young woman to whom he had long ago been engaged to be married, forsook him for a young clergyman who, as Madison said, "hung over her harpsichord." But, if he was cherishing sentimental regret for this lost love, it instantly vanished at his</p>

presentation to the beautiful young widow gowned in "mulberry satin, with tulle kerchief folded over the bosom."

Dolly
Madison

Presently, Dame Gossip coupled their names. Mrs. Washington sent for the young woman and demanded to know whether or not the reported engagement were true. "Dolly," said the President's wife, "if it is so, do not be ashamed to confess it; rather be proud. He will make thee a good husband, and all the better for being so much older. We both approve of it; the esteem and friendship existing between Mr. Madison and my husband is very great and we would wish thee to be happy."

Thus the royal sanction was accorded the proposed match, "and so they were married and lived happily ever after," like the people in the fairy tales. In the midst of the wedding festivities, the newly-married pair entered their coach for the

Dolly
Madison

long drive to Montpelier, a hundred miles away, accompanied, no doubt, by a shower of rice and an old shoe or two.

When they returned to Philadelphia, she laid aside her Quaker gowns forever, at her husband's request, and afterward, when Jefferson was President, she assisted in the official entertaining at the White House.

Upon poor Abigail Adams fell the brunt of all the pioneering in the President's new residence at Washington. She had it in good running order when her successor took possession, but found no joy in it herself. The mansion stood then where it stands now, but was unenclosed and there was no way to get a fence around it, for, though wood was plenty, labour was scarce. Driven almost mad by appalling household difficulties, poor Abigail Adams was obliged to have the family washing dried in the great East Room!

So, when Dolly Madison was made mistress of the White House, she was familiar with every nook and corner of it, having been very intimate with the Jefferson household. At the inauguration ball, she wore buff velvet, with pearls on her neck and arms, and a Parisian hat—probably one of the first in America—adorned with an awe-inspiring bird of paradise plume. Mr. Madison was small and easily lost sight of in the crowd, but Dolly's gorgeous plumage, towering far above her stately head, made a brilliant spot in the assemblage, not to be missed by anyone within range of it.

Very soon, she was the most popular person in the United States. Henry Clay said, "Everybody loves Mrs. Madison." She answered, with a smile, "Mrs. Madison loves everybody." She continued to set her table after the old Virginia fashion—plenty to eat, and all known eatables—

Dolly
Madison

Dolly
Madison

and was criticised for it by the wife of a European diplomat, who remarked that her table was "more like a harvest-home supper than an elegant entertainment." With perfect good nature, the mistress of the White House replied: "The profusion of my table is the result of the prosperity of my country, and I must therefore continue to prefer Virginia liberality to European elegance."

During the War of 1812, Washington was the scene of much excitement. While a brilliant naval ball was being given in honour of the capture of the *Alert* and *Guerrière*, Lieutenant Hamilton, son of the Secretary of the Navy, entered with a third captured flag, that of the *Macedonian*, which, with great ceremony, he laid at the feet of Mrs. Madison. Her colour came and went while the great hall rang with cheers.

On New Year's Day, 1813, the White

Dolly Madison	II
<p>House was open to everyone. The crowd was large and noisy and the Marine Band could scarcely make itself heard above the din. Mrs. Madison wore rose-coloured satin trimmed with ermine, and from her turban towered white ostrich plumes "like the helmet of Navarre."</p> <p>President Madison was re-elected, and in 1814 the British burned Washington. The President and his household were forced to flee, taking with them public documents and a few personal belongings. With her own hands, Dolly Madison saved the large portrait of Washington which hung in the White House and the Declaration of Independence. Forty-eight hours afterward, when they returned to the city, the White House, Treasury, and Post-Office were smouldering ruins. But, within a fortnight, "the burning of Washington was avenged by the death of the invading commander, the repulse of the</p>	<p>Dolly Madison</p>

Dolly
Madison

English troops at Baltimore, the British defeat at Plattsburg, and the surrender of the fleet on Lake Champlain." Even in the English Parliament, the burning of the Capital was stigmatised as "an outrage and a return to barbarism."

When the war was over, Mrs. Madison resumed her gay life in the private home which was the official residence, now that the White House was no more. Everyone was overjoyed because peace had been declared at last, and no one in higher spirits than the blooming beauty who was then the First Lady of the Land.

At one of her receptions, after offering Henry Clay her snuff-box, she took a pinch herself and drew out a large and gayly coloured handkerchief. She referred to the dainty handkerchief of linen and lace which was tucked into her belt, as her "polisher." It was at one of her receptions that the Portuguese Minister

characterised Washington as a "City of Magnificent Distances," and added that "Providence takes care of idiots, drunkards, and the United States." It was at a dinner of Mrs. Madison's that a well-known diplomat asked for another glass of wine, observing that "water has tasted of sinners ever since the flood."

At the end of Mr. Madison's second term, they retired to Montpelier, to live as quiet a country life as the hordes of visitors would permit. Mrs. Madison relates quite casually, in a letter to a friend, that they had "ninety guests for dinner that day, three of them being women." She adds that it was "less trouble than twenty-five in Washington."

She survived her husband by thirteen years, returning to Washington when the loneliness at Montpelier became too great, and, possibly, anxious to return to the scene of her old triumphs. Brave and

Dolly
Madison

Dolly
Madison

brilliant and beautiful to the last, the old-time lady held her court at seventy-four, with her neck covered with tulle, as "after seventy the throat is apt to be a little scraggy." Yet, after a career of extraordinary length and brightness, she said to a young woman who was in trouble over some trifle: "My dear, do not trouble about it—there is nothing in this world really worth caring for."

The grass has grown deep over Dolly Madison's grave, and the moss has encroached upon the tombstone which bears her name, misspelled "Dolley." This brings a smile with tears in it to the one who pauses there, for Dolly could spell!

And, if there be such, perhaps sometimes a wandering spirit steals at midnight to the new White House, to pass, with silent footfalls through the empty rooms, peer shyly at the glistening floor and wonderful golden piano in the crystal-hung East

Dolly Madison	15
<p>Room, and then to return, gladly, to the place of mystery whence it came, since "there is nothing in this world really worth caring for!"</p>	<p>Dolly Madison</p>

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Queen Louise of Prussia

▪

Queen Louise of Prussia

UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown," yet, now and then, upon the sombre page of history, a single life stands star-like, in the midst of many shadows, sending into the darkness the steady light of joy.

Queen Louise, the beautiful mother of William I, of Germany, though destined to suffer much, kept always that unfailing serenity which is the outward evidence of inner light. Unlike most royal women, her marriage was one of love. She was seventeen, with large blue eyes, fair hair, and an exquisite complexion, when Crown Prince Frederick William first saw—and loved—her.

Years after her death, he said to Bishop

Queen
Louise of
Prussia

Queen
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Eylert: "I felt when I first saw her, 't is she, or none on earth.' That expression is somewhere in Schiller, I forget where, but I have it, and it exactly describes the emotions which sprang up in my heart at that moment."

On Christmas Eve, 1793, the two were married. Two days before the time set for the wedding, the Royal procession entered Berlin. The streets were gay with flags and flowers, triumphal arches were erected, and music sounded everywhere. Nearly a hundred children were waiting opposite the Royal Palace, and when Louise descended from the state coach a little boy recited a poem, bidding her welcome, and a little girl in white shyly offered her a bouquet.

Smiling, Louise bent over and kissed the child. "What has your Highness done!" cried a lady-in-waiting, aghast.

"Is that wrong?" asked the Princess.
"May I never do that again?"

Christmas Eve, in the presence of the Royal Family only, the diamond crown of the Hohenzollerns was placed upon her fair head. Afterward, under a crimson velvet canopy heavily embroidered in gold, Louise married the man of her choice. By her request, the money which the citizens of Berlin desired to spend upon a splendid festival in her honour, was given to the widows and orphans of soldiers who had died in the late war, fighting for her beloved Germany.

The Crown Prince was said to be the handsomest man in Germany. He was tall and dignified, with a military air, and bore himself nobly, as became a future Emperor. Throughout his long life, his tender devotion to his wife was ever manifest, in speech, thought, and action.

A pretty story is told of the Princess's first birthday after her marriage. The

Queen
Louise of
Prussia

Queen
Louise of
Prussia

King asked her what she would like most for her birthday. "A handful of gold," she answered, "to give to the poor." "How large a handful would the birthday-child like to have?" he continued. "As large as the heart of the best of kings," returned Louise, quickly. She received enough to remember her favourite pensioners liberally, and to give a dinner to her servants and their friends—eighty in all.

Both disliked the Court ceremonial, and after the Crown Prince became King, in 1797, they lived as simply as before. At this time she wrote to a friend: "To train my children to become benevolent lovers of mankind is my warmest and dearest wish. I even nourish the glad hope of fulfilling my aim."

Daily, she set them a beautiful example in her own life. Once, she gave all the children in a village new clothes for a harvest festival. She bought all the toys

in a poor woman's shop and gave them back to her, saying: "Give these to your crown prince in the name of mine." Unclasping the gold necklace she wore, she gave it to Goethe's mother, in honour of the genius of her son. She escorted around the palace grounds an unhappy couple to whom the gatekeeper had denied entrance. She made an important personage wait until the Court shoemaker had finished his errand, the workman's time being more valuable. Once, upon learning that a little girl had been sent home, because she was too homely to assist in strewing flowers before the Queen, she sent for the weeping child and made her an object of especial consideration throughout the day.

Ten children were born to Louise in seventeen years. Three of them died in early youth, and the royal mother grieved for them as any peasant might have done,

Queen
Louise of
Prussia

Queen
Louise of
Prussia

but these sorrows served to draw the King and Queen nearer.

“You will be pleased to hear,” she wrote to her father, “that the misfortune which has fallen upon us has not affected our domestic happiness; indeed, it seems to have drawn us nearer together, and strengthened our affections. The King, who is the best of men, is kinder than ever. Often I fancy that I see in him the lover and the bridegroom; more in actions than in words do I perceive his constant devotion to me.

“Only yesterday he said to me, looking at me with his guileless eyes and earnest expression of countenance: ‘Dear Louise, thou hast become dearer and more precious than ever to me in misfortune. Now I know by experience what I possess in thee. Let the storm continue without, as it will, if only our happiness remain undisturbed, we are secure. Because I love thee so

fondly, I have desired our youngest born daughter to be called Louise. May she become a Louise.'

"This tenderness on his part affected me to tears. It is my pride, my joy, and my happiness to possess the love of the best of men, and because I love him in return with all my heart and we are so united that the will of one is the will of the other, it is very easy for us to preserve this harmony day by day. In a word, he pleases me in all points, and I please him, and we are happiest when we are together."

Devoted wife and mother though she was, Louise yet found time to keep in touch with affairs of state and, more than once, managed to aid her husband valiantly in some great crisis. Her tact was responsible for the alliance of Russia with them against Napoleon.

Alexander visited the King and Queen

Queen
Louise of
Prussia

26	Queen Louise of Prussia
Queen Louise of Prussia	<p data-bbox="260 247 900 443">for ten days. At dinner, on the evening of his departure, he expressed regret that he had not yet seen the tomb of Frederick the Great.</p> <p data-bbox="260 460 900 978">“There is time,” said Louise. She ordered the church to be lighted, and, at midnight, with her husband and the Emperor of Russia, went to the plain zinc coffin. Bending, Alexander kissed the coffin, then, offering his hand to the King, pledged eternal friendship to him and to his house, against Napoleon and all the world. Napoleon, hearing of it, said, softly: “The King of Prussia shall pay for this.”</p> <p data-bbox="260 995 900 1401">He spoke truly, for the King of Prussia paid heavily. Little more than a year later, the King and Queen, with their children, were obliged to flee before the approaching army of France. One night, the Queen slept in a fireless room with broken windows and the snow drifted thickly over her bed.</p>

Napoleon went to Berlin, and took occasion to stand, also, by the zinc coffin where Prussia and Russia had allied themselves against him. Reminiscently, he traced an N in the dust which lay heavily upon the coffin, saying: "If he were alive, I should not be standing here." At Charlottenburg, he went into the Queen's private apartments and even stooped to amuse himself by reading her letters. In some of them, he found allusions to himself which were far from complimentary, yet he took great interest in the many likenesses of the Queen which were about the house, and said he should like to see her.

When the two met, it was under tragic circumstances. The King was unable to obtain much for Prussia, and Alexander suggested that the Queen might be able to do better with Napoleon. When the King sent for her, Louise burst into tears,

Queen
Louise of
Prussia

Queen
Louise of
Prussia

exclaiming: "This is the most painful sacrifice that I can make for my people."

Napoleon sent an escort for her, and when she reached Tilsit, he and Talleyrand at once called upon her. Louise, gowned in white embroidered crêpe, pleaded that some of the fortresses might be spared to Prussia, especially Magdeburg. "You ask much," said Napoleon, "but I will think about it."

Afterward he said that he was prepared to see a beautiful woman and a Queen with dignified manners, but he found the most admirable Queen and at the same time, the most interesting woman he had ever met.

Still, Napoleon yielded nothing, and Louise said, afterward: "What I suffered then I suffered more on account of others than on my own account. I wept, I implored in the name of love and humanity, in the name of our misfortunes, and of the laws which govern the world."

She gave the gold dinner service of Prussia to be coined into money, and all of her jewels save her pearls. "I will keep these," she said, "for they mean tears and I have shed many."

Worn by frequent child-bearing, heavily oppressed by the sorrows of Prussia's agonising defeat, Louise lived but three years longer. The deep and lasting joy of her life, her husband's love, still sustained and comforted her. These two walked in the gardens at twilight, arm in arm, planning relief for the poor and new glory for Prussia, when the terror and weakness of the war should have passed away.

On her last visit to her father, she showed some ladies-in-waiting the locket which she wore, containing her husband's picture. "It is my dearest treasure," she said, fondly, kissing the pictured face. Then she sat down at her father's writing desk

Queen
Louise of
Prussia

Queen
Louise of
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and wrote what were destined to be her last written words: ,

“My dear father—I am very happy to-day as your daughter and as the wife of the best of men.”

She died in July, 1810, eager to the last to spare those she loved. She begged the King not to be so agitated, and asked her children not to grieve. “I am dying,” she said, calmly. “Oh, Jesus, make it easy!” She drew a long breath, and closed her eyes forever.

All Germany mourned her and Blücher said: “Our saint is in heaven.” Four years later, when the allied armies went triumphantly into Paris, he said: “Louise is avenged.”

The familiar portrait shows a woman of regal bearing, with a noble, womanly face, coming down a flight of stairs. One hand is at her breast, the other holds the velvet and ermine mantle which seems to

Queen Louise of Prussia	31
<p>be slipping off. A blown scarf of chiffon floats from her perfect throat; the lips are composed, but the eyes smile. One has only to look once at the pictured face to understand it all—the adoration of the husband, the worship of the children, and the loyalty of a nation.</p>	<p>Queen Louise of Prussia</p>

▪

Dorothy Wordsworth

▪

Dorothy Wordsworth

“NOT Laura with Petrarch, nor Beatrice
with Dante, nor the fair Geraldine
with Surrey, are more really connected
than is Wordsworth with his sister
Dorothy.”

She was born on Christmas Day, 1771, and, fittingly, christened Dorothea, which means “the gift of God.” When she was six, her mother died, and, at twelve, her father. At her mother’s death, she was separated from her dearly loved brother, William, who was but twenty months her senior, and sent to live with her grandfather. They were deprived of each other’s society, save for an occasional meeting, for several years, but did not forget each other.

The happiness of the first childish years

Dorothy
Wordsworth

Dorothy
Wordsworth

together is evident in many of Wordsworth's poems.

Such heart was in her, being then
A little Prattler among men.
The Blessing of my later years
Was with me when a boy;
She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy.

And, again:

. . . blest with the presence
Of that sole Sister . . .
Now, after separation desolate,
Restored to me—such absence that she
seemed
A gift then first bestowed.

After Wordsworth's college education was finished, and he was looking for a congenial occupation, a small legacy, from an unlooked-for source, enabled them to live together in a little cottage. He was



Dorothy Wordsworth
From the painting by W. Crowbent

still uncertain as to his life-work, and greatly troubled by the terrible events in France. "Depressed and bewildered, he turned to abstract science, and was beginning to torment his mind with fresh problems, when, after his long voyage through unknown seas in search of Utopia, his sister came to his aid and conducted him back to the quiet harbour from which he started. . . . Then she convinced him that he was born to be a poet."

As Wordsworth himself says, she "maintained for me a saving intercourse with my true self . . . she, in the midst of all, preserved me still a poet; made me seek beneath that name, and that alone, my office upon earth."

Their means were small and Dorothy cheerfully undertook the hard household work. She scrubbed, cooked, swept, washed, sewed, mended, ironed, read Italian, and suggested subjects for her

Dorothy
Wordsworth

Dorothy
Wordsworth

brother to write about. Moreover, she was his amanuensis and copied out, laboriously, "in a fair hand," all of his manuscript. When the work was finished, and, author-like, he made changes in it, Dorothy copied it again, and yet again, until he was entirely satisfied.

In their cottage, poor as it was, they did not lack for friends. There began their lifelong friendship with Coleridge, who, in a letter to Mr. Cottle, said:

"Wordsworth and his exquisite sister are with me. She is a woman, indeed!—in mind, I mean, and heart; for her person is such that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would find her ordinary; if you expected to find an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty; but her manners are simple, ardent, impressive. In every motion her most innocent soul outbeams so brightly that those who saw her would say 'guilt was a thing impossible

in her.' Her information various, her eye watchful in minutest observation of Nature, and her taste a perfect electrometer. It bends, protrudes, and draws in at subtlest beauties and most recondite faults."

In 1797, they changed their residence in order to be near Coleridge, and settled at Alfoxden, in a more pretentious house. Soon afterward, they met Charles and Mary Lamb, and the two devoted sisters became the closest of friends.

After the Wordsworths' removal to Grasmere, the poet's great period of industry and fruition may be said to have fairly begun. As his amanuensis, Dorothy was always within reach of her brother's call, and the housekeeping was made subject to his need of her. When he was not ready to use her willing pen, she performed her cheerful drudgery, singing as she did it, and worked in the garden.

Dorothy
Wordsworth

Dorothy
Wordsworth

In the orchard, where there was a spring of clear, cool water, she planted primroses and daffodils around the brink "to sweeten the water." From a legacy of five hundred dollars which came to her, she furnished the cottage, simply, yet comfortably.

"My sister and I were in the habit of having the tea-kettle in our little sitting-room," wrote Wordsworth, "and we toasted the bread ourselves." Dorothy herself testified abundantly to the happiness of their simple life here: "We are daily more delighted with Grasmere and its neighbourhood. . . . Our cottage is quite large enough for us, though very small, and we have made it neat and comfortable within doors, and it looks very nice on the outside. . . . We have trained scarlet beans upon threads, which are not only exceedingly beautiful but very useful, as their produce is immense. We

have made a lodging room of the parlour below stairs which has a stone floor, therefore we have covered it all over with matting. We sit in a room above stairs, and we have one lodging room, with two single beds, a sort of lumber room, and a small, low, unceiled room, which I have papered with newspapers, and in which we have put a small bed. Our servant is an old woman of sixty years of age, whom we took partly out of charity. She is very ignorant, very foolish, and very difficult to teach. But the goodness of her disposition, and the great convenience we should find if my perseverance was successful, induced me to go on."

Their life here was a living illustration of the phrase, "plain living and high thinking." Of the "high thinking," there is a great deal of evidence in Dorothy's journal, and also, though entirely unconscious, of her continued assistance to her brother.

Dorothy
Wordsworth

Dorothy
Wordsworth

"We went into the orchard after breakfast and sat there. The lake calm, the sky cloudy. William began poem on 'The Celandine.' . . . Sowed flower seeds. William helped me. Sat in the orchard. W. wrote 'The Celandine.' Planned an harbour, the sun too hot for us. W. wrote the 'Leech Gatherer.' "

She read Milton's sonnets to her brother and he was forthwith inspired to learn the difficult form and to write some noteworthy sonnets himself. The lines *To a Young Lady*, who had been reproached for taking long walks in the country, were written to Dorothy in this same beautiful orchard.

Three years passed—blessed, happy, working years, then Wordsworth married. Fortunately, his wife was a woman whom Dorothy found it possible to love, and she continued her gentle ministry to her brother as before.

Dorothy Wordsworth	43
<p>The year following the marriage, Wordsworth and Dorothy took their memorable six weeks' tour in Scotland. Dorothy kept a minute journal which was eventually published, though nearly twenty years after her death. For the first two weeks, Coleridge accompanied them, though he was said to be "in bad spirits and somewhat too much in love with his own dejection."</p> <p>During this tour, the Wordsworths visited Walter Scott, who was then, "unknown as a novelist, but who, as Sheriff of Selkirk, and considered a very clever and amiable man, was universally respected."</p> <p>After their return, the happy life at Grasmere continued, until sadly broken by the death of two of Wordsworth's children. Being so near the churchyard that they were constantly reminded of their loss, the Wordsworths moved, in</p>	<p>Dorothy Words- worth</p>

Dorothy
Wordsworth

1813, to Rydal Mount, where they remained for the rest of their lives. An appreciative guest spoke of a tea-party at Rydal Mount as "perhaps the highest point in man's civilised life, in all its bearings."

For almost twenty years the beautiful life of study and work and travel continued, then Dorothy had a long and severe illness, from which she emerged with a sorely weakened body and mind permanently clouded. During this illness Wordsworth said of her that he did not believe her tenderness of heart was exceeded by any of God's creatures; that her loving-kindness knew no bounds. Referring to Coleridge, he wrote: "He and my beloved sister are the two beings to whom my intellect is most indebted and they are now proceeding, *pari passu*, along the path of sickness, I will not say towards the grave, but I trust towards a blessed immortality."

Yet Dorothy survived her brother. He died in 1850, on April 23d, the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth and death. The mental fog, like a merciful veil, shielded Dorothy from the devastating grief she would have known had her brilliant intellect remained clear. She was drawn about as usual in her wheeled chair, and, in passing the room where her brother's body lay, she murmured: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

The rest of her days were spent quietly, dreaming a little, sleeping much, and talking scarcely at all. She usually had one of her brother's books in her hand, stroking and patting the printed page when she was unable to read.

When she spoke, it was most often of her youth: "a youth of beauty and buoyancy and joy, because so full of love and goodness, of generous sympathy and

Dorothy
Wordsworth

Dorothy
Wordsworth

unselfish devotion—a youth which she has since renewed unclouded by any shade, in the same old society, and with the familiar love re-linked, in Paradiso.”

“Only a sister’s part—yes, that was all;
And yet her life was bright and full and free.
She did not feel, ‘I give up all for him,’
She only knew, ‘’Tis mine his friend to be.’

“So what she saw and felt the poets sang—
She did not seek the world should know
her share;
Her one great hunger was for ‘William’s’
fame,
To give his thoughts a voice her life-long
prayer.

.

“His ‘dear, dear sister,’ that was all she
asked,
Her gentle ministry, her only fame;
But when we read his page with grateful
heart
Between the lines we’ll spell out Dora’s
name.”

•

Caroline Herschel

•

Caroline Herschel

I AM nothing, I have done nothing; all I am, all I know, I owe to my brother. I am only a tool which he shaped to his use—a well-trained puppy dog would have done as much.”

So wrote Caroline Herschel of herself, her marvellous sister-love, self-denying and almost abject, inspiring her to disclaim all honour, that her beloved brother might have all the glory of their joint fame.

Yet Mr. South, addressing the Astronomical Society, when the medal was presented to her in 1828, said: “She it was who reduced every observation, made every calculation; she it was who arranged everything in systematic order; and she

Caroline
Herschel

Caroline
Herschel

it was who helped him to obtain his imperishable name. But her claims to our gratitude do not end here; as an original observer she demands, and I am sure she has, our unfeigned thanks." After enumerating her discoveries, Mr. South added: "Indeed, looking at the joint labours of these extraordinary personages, we scarcely know whether most to admire the intellectual power of the brother, or the unconquerable industry of his sister."

She was born in Hanover, Germany, in 1750, and brought up in the narrowest possible manner. The serious occupations of her life, in addition to housework, were "sewing, ornamental needlework, knitting, plaiting hair, and stringing beads and bugles." These activities, at that time, were the only ones considered proper for women.

"It was my lot," she once wrote, "to be the Cinderella of the family. I could

never find time for improving myself in many things I knew, and which, after all, proved of no use to me afterward, except what little I knew of music, which my father took pleasure in teaching me—N. B., when my mother was not at home. Amen.”

Caroline
Herschel

Yet these troubled years were happy, illumined as they were by a great love. From childhood, Caroline's hero, her king who could do no wrong, was her brother William, twelve years her senior. She was happiest when she could be of service to him, and the unceasing joy of her life lay in her unswerving devotion to him and his interests.

William Herschel first went to England as a member of a band under his father's direction. The tour was successful, and was repeated. Finally, William established himself as a music teacher at Bath.

The father died when Caroline was

Caroline
Herschel

seventeen, and the family was left without means. Cinderella's lot became increasingly difficult. After five years of toil and privation, William came unexpectedly from Bath, and took Caroline back to England with him.

The hard work continued, but who minds hard work, when the Bird of Joy is singing in the heart? Caroline toiled early and late for her beloved William, keeping his house, thriftily managing his purse, arranging his accounts, collecting from his music pupils, and, at night, "minding the heavens" for him.

Every room in the little house became a workshop where telescopes and other astronomical instruments were in process of manufacture. Once, when he was working at a seven-foot mirror for his telescope; never pausing to rest for over sixteen hours, the faithful Caroline put bits of food into his mouth while he worked.

Caroline Herschel	53
<p data-bbox="135 247 778 926">At the time he began his work, six or eight inches was the largest-sized mirror used in a telescope. When they were casting the mirror for a thirty-foot reflector, the molten metal leaked from the vessel containing it and, falling upon the stone floor, sent pieces flying about in all directions. William Herschel, overcome by disappointment and weariness, fell, exhausted, upon a "heap of brickbats." "Come," said Caroline, cheerily; "we will try again." Fortunately, the second casting was a success.</p> <p data-bbox="135 942 778 1404">Having naturally a good voice and being carefully trained by her brother, Caroline eventually appeared as a public singer and made some money which she devoted to her brother's needs. She regarded her voice only as a possible means of setting him free from some of the eternal music-teaching, and enabling him to continue his astronomical work.</p>	<p data-bbox="803 247 897 299">Caroline Herschel</p>

Caroline
Herschel

She spent scarcely anything on herself—seldom more than thirty-five or forty dollars a year. Orders came in rapidly for telescopes from learned societies in England and abroad, but, while William realised a fair profit from every telescope, Caroline begrudged the time thus spent.

In 1782, William Herschel was appointed Astronomer Royal by King George III, at a salary of a thousand dollars a year. Greatly elated, the two left Bath, and settled in the country. All day they worked at instruments and every night they studied the heavens, resenting the enforced rest caused by an occasional cloudy night.

Caroline by this time had a telescope of her own, which she called "a seven-foot Newtonian sweeper," and all her evenings, when her brother did not require her assistance, were spent in "sweeping the heavens for comets." She wrote down

Caroline Herschel	55
<p>all of his observations as he made them, though sometimes it was so cold that the ink froze and had to be thawed before she could continue.</p> <p>The great forty-foot telescope was erected under their personal direction, and the astronomer's salary was supplemented by a special grant. At this time, too, Caroline was appointed her brother's assistant, at a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year, which, however, was not regularly paid. After her brother's death, she wrote one, sarcastically: "The favours of monarchs ought to have been mentioned, but once would have been enough."</p> <p>In 1788, William married, greatly to Caroline's grief. She threw herself into her work with renewed energy and ambition. Between 1786 and 1797, she discovered eight comets, and was recognised as a comrade by all the leading astronomers of Europe, many of whom took the trouble</p>	<p>Caroline Herschel</p>

56	Caroline Herschel
Caroline Herschel	<p data-bbox="256 247 893 341">to write her congratulatory letters upon her achievements.</p> <p data-bbox="256 357 893 1031">One wrote as follows: "I wish you joy, most sincerely, on the discovery. I am more pleased than you can well conceive, that you have made it, and I think I see your wonderfully clever and amiable brother, upon the news of it, shed a tear of joy. You have immortalised your name. You deserve such a reward from the Being who has ordered all these things to move as we find them, for your assiduity in the business of astronomy, and for your love for so celebrated and deserving a brother."</p> <p data-bbox="256 1047 893 1408">On one occasion, the Prince of Orange called at their house to know if it were true that Mr. Herschel had "discovered a new star, whose light was not as that of the common stars, but with swallow tails, as stars in embroidery." This probably referred to Caroline's comet, and the idea</p>

Caroline Herschel	57
<p data-bbox="135 239 774 330">of a "star with embroidered swallow tails" amused her immensely.</p> <p data-bbox="132 346 778 859">In 1822, after having been in ill health for three years, Sir William Herschel died—and poor Caroline's faithful heart was almost broken. "Not one comfort was left to me," she wrote, long afterward, "but that of retiring to the chamber of death, there to ruminate without interruption on my isolated situation." Pitifully she moaned, over and over, "Oh, why cannot I die too!"</p> <p data-bbox="132 874 778 1339">Lamenting that she had "nothing to do," she arranged to leave England and return to her relatives in Germany, expecting, vainly, to find them sympathetic. Apparently, the relatives were unconscious of the fact that there were astronomers in the family, or that any Herschel, except themselves, had accomplished anything really worth while.</p> <p data-bbox="169 1354 774 1392">Disappointed, Caroline asked herself</p>	<p data-bbox="816 257 902 307">Caroline Herschel</p>

Caroline
Herschel

over and over: "Why did I leave happy England!" She was seventy-two, and, old trees are not easily transplanted, but eventually her courage and strength reasserted themselves, and she began a long labour of love. She wrote, in the form of a catalogue, *The Reduction and Arrangement in Zones of all the Star Clusters and Nebulae Observed by Sir William Herschel in his Sweeps*. When this was completed, the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society was awarded to her.

Afterward, she devoted herself to her nephew, Sir John Herschel, the third great astronomer of the name. When he wrote to her, in 1832, of his intention to visit the Cape and observe the stars in the Southern Hemisphere, she was incredulous; it did not seem as if such things could be. But, when finally convinced of it, the old fever burned in her cheeks and ~~the old~~ joy sang in her blood. "Oh,"

Caroline Herschel	59
<p>she cried, "if I were thirty or forty years younger, and could go too!"</p> <p>She lived to be ninety-eight, spending only about half of the annuity of five hundred dollars a year left her by her brother. She continually asserted that she could not use more without "making herself ridiculous." Her only luxuries were an English bed and an occasional ticket to opera or concert.</p> <p>She died quietly, in her sleep, with no pain. Court carriages joined in her funeral procession and garlands of laurel and palm were sent by the Crown Princess. But, unmindful of these Royal honours, in the narrow house where at last she slept, the work-worn, loving hands clasped but one treasure—a lock of her beloved brother's hair.</p> <p>Her nephew writes that her last days were "unquiet." Feeling, perhaps, that the time of change was near, one cannot</p>	<p>Caroline Herschel</p>

60	Caroline Herschel
Caroline Herschel	<p>wonder that she grew impatient, and longed to join him whom she loved with the beautiful, unselfish devotion, which, as much as her scientific work, has made the name of Caroline Herschel immortal.</p>

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

THE first fifteen years of Elizabeth Barrett's life were as joyous as ever falls to the lot of mortal. She was one of a large family of children, with a brother particularly singled out for loving companionship, she had a father who idolised her, even though he was stern and obstinate, and all the comforts and luxuries that wealth could procure for her.

Before she was eleven, she had written "an epic" upon *The Battle of Marathon* and Mr. Barrett was so proud of it that he had it printed in pamphlet form to distribute among his friends. Elizabeth's grandmother was not so pleased with it, and used to say she would rather "see Elizabeth's hemming more carefully finished than to hear of all this Greek."

Elizabeth
Barrett
Browning

Elizabeth
Barrett
Browning

At fifteen, she tried to saddle her pony alone, being impatient for a ride, and, in some way, fell, with the saddle upon her, thus so seriously injuring her spine that for many years she was obliged to lie upon her back. She also had what she afterward alluded to as "a common cough, striking on an insubstantial frame." To this she attributed the beginning of all her physical troubles.

But, though the body was weak, the mind was strong and the spirit well-nigh deathless. Through the loved ministry of books, she came into fellowship with all the world. Hugh Boyd, the blind scholar, taught her Greek, both the language and literature. In several of her poems, afterward, she gratefully acknowledged her indebtedness to him.

Ah, my gossip, you were older,
And more learned, and a man!
Yet that shadow—the enfolder
Of your quiet eyelids——ran



Photo. Mansell & Co.

Elizabeth Browning

From the portrait by Field Talfourd

Both our spirits to one level;
And I turned from hill and lea
And the summer-sun's green revel
To your eyes that could not see!

Elizabeth
Barrett
Browning

Confined to a darkened room though she was, Elizabeth Barrett did not lack for friends. John Kenyon, a distant cousin, and Miss Mitford, brought the outside world to her couch. Miss Mitford's beautiful, unfailing, enthusiastic friendship shines brightly through the sombre years which were the background of the luminous joy to come.

Miss Mitford described Miss Barrett thus:

"A slight, girlish figure, very delicate, with exquisite hands and feet, a round face, with a most noble forehead, a large mouth, beautifully formed and full of expression, lips like parted coral, teeth large, regular, and glittering with healthy whiteness, large dark eyes, with such

Elizabeth
Barrett
Browning

eyelashes, resting on the cheek when cast down, when turned upward touching the flexible and expressive eyebrow, a dark complexion, literally as bright as the dark China rose, a profusion of silky, dark curls, and a look of youth and of modesty hardly to be expressed. This, added to the very simple but graceful and costly dress by which all the family are distinguished, is an exact portrait of her."

Besides her father, her books, and her friends, she had her dog, "Flush," an intelligent and devoted spaniel, who was so generally admired that he was stolen several times. As a reward of fifty dollars was offered every time he was stolen and paid whenever he was returned, the purloining of Miss Barrett's pet in time assumed the proportions of an industry.

"Yes," she wrote, to a friend, "I have recovered my pet. No, I have idealised none of the dog stealing. I had no time.

I was crying while he was away and I was accused so loudly of 'silliness and childishness' afterwards, that I was glad to dry my eyes, and forget my misfortunes by way of rescuing my reputation. After all it was excusable that I cried. Flushie is my friend, my companion, and he loves me better than he loves the sunshine without. Oh, and if you had seen him when he came home and threw himself into my arms, palpitating with joy, in that dumb articulate ecstasy which is so affecting, love without speech! . . . He is worth loving, is he not?"

Meantime Miss Barrett was succeeding, though slowly, in her chosen work. Kenyon and Miss Mitford interviewed publishers with her poems, and obtained good prices for some of them. The introspective life in the shadowy room was favourable to her literary development. "Most of my events," she said, "and nearly

Elizabeth
Barrett
Browning

Elizabeth
Barrett
Browning

all my intense pleasures, have passed in thoughts."

Robert Browning, too, was becoming well known. Miss Barrett read all his published work eagerly, and he read hers. Though they had mutual friends, Miss Barrett refused to meet him, feeling too keenly the limitations of her darkened room. Yet, in some way, a correspondence sprang up between them.

"Mr. Browning, with whom I have had some correspondence lately," she wrote, "is full of great intentions; the light of the future is on his forehead . . . he is a poet for posterity. I have a full faith in him as poet and prophet."

At length, Browning prevailed upon the mutual friends to insist upon Miss Barrett's consent to their meeting. In fear and trembling, she accorded the desired permission—and from that hour, life took on new beauty for her.

They had not known each other long before they discovered that they were truly mated in mind and soul. Love came late to Elizabeth Barrett—she was nearly thirty-eight, but no maiden of eighteen could have been more exalted than she.

Into the sombre, shadowy room, and into the darkened, secret places of her soul, Love came with his lamp, and the radiance of it made her whole being glow with “the light that never was on land or sea.” The tired heart, forgetting suffering, all at once was uplifted as if on wings when her king came to his own.

Her father, naturally, was much opposed to her marriage, but, grown to maturity and to full knowledge, she took her right of choice. One day, she stole out of the house, went to church with her lover, and was quietly married. Then she returned to her home, no one being the wiser for

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several days, during which she made her preparations for departure.

During the days she remained at home, Browning did not call upon her, or even write to her, as he "would not be hypocrite enough to ask for her or address her by her maiden name!"

Mr. Barrett, of course, made the customary scene, but his daughter was not unduly saddened by it, for love and life lay before her. They went at once to Italy, making the journey by easy stages, as Mrs. Browning's health permitted. But happiness has power of its own to heal, and soon she was stronger than she had been since her early girlhood.

They stopped for a fortnight in Paris at a quiet pension near their friend Mrs. Jameson, who wrote thus to a friend:

"I have also here a poet and a poetess—two celebrities who have run away and married under circumstances peculiarly

interesting, and such as render imprudence the height of prudence. Both excellent; but God help them! for I know not how the two poet heads and poet hearts will get on through this prosaic world. I think it possible I may go on to Italy with them."

Mrs. Jameson went with them at the request of both, and when the party arrived at Pisa, Mrs. Browning was "not merely improved, but transformed." Even Miss Mitford said: "Love really is the wizard the poets have called him—a fact which I always doubted till now." The magic is evident when one considers that for more than seven years Mrs. Browning had not left her room, except to go into the one adjoining it.

The Brownings spent several months in Pisa, casting about meanwhile for a permanent residence. Mrs. Browning's health continued to improve. "If I get

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quite strong," she said, "I may cross the desert on a camel yet and see Jerusalem. There's a dream for you! Nothing is too high or too low for my dreams just now!"

Perhaps because of her dark hair and skin and deep, luminous eyes, Browning had often called her his "little Portuguese." One day, when he was writing, she came shyly into his room, laid a manuscript on the table before him, covered her burning face with her hands—and fled.

Wonderingly, he opened it—to find the most exquisite portrayal of woman's love ever written or ever to be written in any language, breathing the fragrance of a pure and holy passion, burning with the divine fires of immortality—the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. One wonders what he said to her when they met again—this lover-husband who was also a poet.

Their life together was ideal. "A happier

home and a more perfect union than theirs are not easy to imagine," wrote a guest. Speaking of Mrs. Browning, he said: "I have never seen a human frame which seemed so nearly a transparent veil for a celestial and immortal spirit. She is a soul of fire enclosed in a shell of pearl. . . . A union so complete as theirs, in which the mind has nothing to crave nor the heart to sigh for, is cordial to behold and cheering to remember."

Two and a half years after their marriage their son was born, and named Robert Barrett, after both parents. For twelve years longer this perfect marriage lasted, then the "shell of pearl" became too delicate to longer enshrine the "soul of fire," and she died.

Browning's grief was lifelong, even though "his heart was deep enough to hold a grave." Into the lonely years that followed must have come often,

Elizabeth
Barrett
Browning

Elizabeth
Barrett
Browning

with divinely tender consolation, that
most exquisite of all the *Sonnets*:

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and
height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle light.

I love thee freely, as men strive for right.

I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's
faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the
breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life; and if God
choose,

I shall but love thee better after death.

Charlotte Cushman

Charlotte Cushman

THE woman who earned the right to be known as "the first great American actress" did not come easily to her proud distinction. A study of her career fills one with wonder at her genius, truly, but, even more, with respect for her years of patient, unflagging industry and the buoyant hopefulness with which she worked.

A latter-day philosopher has said: "Get your happiness out of your work, or you will never know what happiness is." The truth of it is strikingly evident in the life of the great Cushman, who was seen to be destined for great things even in her early childhood, and, through years of toil, reached the pinnacle of immortal fame.

Charlotte
Cushman

Charlotte
Cushman

"Imitation was a preying trait with me," she once said. "On one occasion, when Henry Ware, pastor of the old Boston Meeting House, was taking tea with my mother, he sat at table talking, with his chin resting in his two hands and his elbows on the table. I was suddenly startled by my mother exclaiming, 'Charlotte, take your elbows off the table and your chin out of your hands; it is not a pretty position for a young lady!' I was sitting in exact imitation of the parson, even assuming the expression of his face."

Her passion for thoroughness and original investigation is also indicated very early in life. "My earliest recollections," she says, "are of dolls ruthlessly cracked open to see what they were thinking about; I was possessed with the idea that dolls could and did think."

As often happens, the family of the



Charlotte Cushman

From a photograph by Warren, Boston

future actress was very poor. When Charlotte was thirteen, her father became unable to provide for them longer, even so scantily as had been his wont. The mother and five children suffered steadily from want, and Charlotte, as many a brave daughter has done before and since her time, avowed her intention of putting the family fortunes upon a firm basis.

Fortunately, the child had a voice. "It had almost two full registers, a full contralto and almost a full soprano, but the lower voice was the natural one." A friend loaned the money which enabled her to study for two years, for, as they thought then, music teaching was the only career open to her. A member of a piano firm gave her the use of a piano for practice in his salesroom—they were too poor to own one—and the young woman of fourteen began work with the same tireless, restless energy which characterised every-

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Cushman

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thing she did through all the rest of her life.

Before long, she was singing in opera in New Orleans. When she was nineteen, she made her professional début, and scored a success. But, too eager to make rapid progress, she worked too hard, overstrained—and ruined—her voice, and was thus left stranded.

Blessings are said to come in disguise, but this one was so heavily veiled that poor Charlotte could not penetrate its mystery. When the unhappy girl asked a New Orleans theatrical manager for advice, he told her, decisively, that she should be an actress, and not a singer. "If you will study a few dramatic parts," he said, "I will get Mr. Barton, the tragedian of our theatre, to hear you and to take an interest in you."

Barton was so much impressed by her first effort that he engaged her to appear as

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<p data-bbox="132 247 774 713">Lady Macbeth when he appeared as Macbeth at his own benefit. Enraptured with the idea, she did not tell him she had no stage wardrobe until it was too late to secure anyone else to fill her place. Some of the clothing of the tragedienne of the French Theatre was lengthened and taken in to fit her, and, after much sewing, she was finally provided with a costume or two.</p> <p data-bbox="132 729 774 1403">Before a brilliant audience, the young Lady Macbeth scored a complete triumph. At the end of the season, she started for New York. After a number of preliminary discouragements, she secured a position for three years at twenty-five dollars a week. But, a week before she was to make her first appearance, she had a severe attack of rheumatic fever, and missed the first three weeks of her season. She appeared when she was too ill to be out of bed, and, in spite of that, scored another success, fully satisfying her man-</p>	<p data-bbox="811 258 906 305">Charlotte Cushman</p>

Charlotte
Cushman

ager. But, while she was ill again, the theatre was burned, with her costumes, and all her brilliant prospects, as he said, "went up in smoke."

As soon as she was well enough to travel, she secured a situation in Albany. A writer of the period speaks of her thus, as she appeared at a ball: "In all the freshness and bloom of youth, magnificently attired, her head adorned with an immense and beautiful bird of paradise—as she threaded the mazes of the dance, or moved gracefully in the promenade, her stately form towering above her companions, she was 'the observed of all observers,' the bright, particular star of the evening."

During the winter in Albany, love came to Charlotte Cushman for the first and last time. Nothing is known of the affair except what she herself has written:

"There was a time in my life of girlhood when I thought I had been called upon to

bear the very hardest thing that can come to a woman. Yet, if I had been spared this early trial, I should never have been so earnest and faithful in my art; I should still have been casting about for the 'counterpart,' and not given my entire self to my work. God helped me in my art-isolation, and rewarded me for recognising Him and helping myself. . . . My art, God knows, has never failed me, never failed to bring me rich reward, never failed to bring me comfort. I conquered my grief and myself. Labour saved me then and always, and so I proved the eternal goodness of God."

After seven years of hard work, steady devotion and sacrifice to her family, she came into her own. Accompanied only by her faithful coloured maid, "Sally," she went to England, and, after many difficulties in gaining a hearing, appeared at the Princess Theatre in London as Bianca in

Charlotte
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Charlotte
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Fazio. Her power and passion swept her staid English audience literally off its feet, and the theatre rang with cheers, curtain calls, and cries of "Bravo!"

Writing to her mother, she said: "By the packet of the 10th I wrote you and sent you newspapers, which could tell you in so much better language than I could, of my brilliant and triumphant success in London. I can say no more to you than this: that it is far, far beyond my most sanguine expectations. In my most ambitious moments I never dreamed of the success which has awaited me and crowned every effort I have made. . . . All my successes put together since I have been upon the stage would not come near my success in London; and I only wanted some one of you here to enjoy it with me to make my happiness complete."

The great men and women of the time were proud to be her friends. She gave

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<p>a dinner to Ristori, knew the Carlyles, Lord Houghton, Lathrop, Motley, Theodore Parkman, and many lords and ladies of title and renown.</p> <p>Among the innumerable parts which she played, she is remembered most for her Lady Macbeth, Romeo to her sister Susan's Juliet, Meg Merrilies, and Nancy Sikes. The latter portrayal was said to be so impressive in its powerful realism that women were often carried, fainting, from the theatre in which she played it, and strong men lay awake all night, after having seen it, with the horror of it still upon them.</p> <p>Once, while she was playing Romeo in Boston, a young man in the audience, intending to be funny, sneezed several times during one of the love scenes. Miss Cushman led Juliet off the stage, then, clad in her doublet and hose, returned to the footlights and said, in a clear, ringing</p>	Charlotte Cushman

Charlotte
Cushman

voice, "Someone must put that person out or I shall be obliged to do it myself." When the unfortunate man was put out, Romeo resumed her impassioned love scene, amid a storm of cheers.

When she first returned to America, after her English success, she was greeted with an ovation. From that time on, she was the star of the English-speaking stage. Deeply patriotic, she gave benefit performances during the War of the Rebellion, and one performance alone netted over eight thousand dollars for the Sanitary Commission.

In 1875, as Lady Macbeth, the part in which she scored her first success, Charlotte Cushman took her leave of the stage, before one of the most distinguished audiences ever gathered under one roof. The house was brilliantly decorated with autumn leaves, vines, fruits, and flowers, symbolising the maturity of her power and the ripeness of her fame.

William Cullen Bryant addressed her, presenting her with a laurel wreath. Richard Henry Stoddard had written an ode to her, in which he coupled her name with that of Shakespeare. Her response was simple, dignified, modest, and so full of feeling that many in the audience were moved to tears.

“Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you. Gentlemen, the heart has no speech; its only language is a tear or a pressure of the hand, and words very feebly convey or interpret its emotions. Yet I would beg you to believe that in the three little words which I now speak, ‘I thank you,’ there are heart depths which I should fail to express better, though I should use a thousand other words.

“I thank you, gentlemen, for the honour you have offered me. I thank you, not only for myself, but for the whole profession, to

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Cushman

which, through and by me, you have paid this very graceful compliment. . . .

“To my public—what shall I say? From the depths of my heart, I thank you, who have given me always consideration, encouragement, and patience; who have been ever my comfort, my support, my main help. I do not now say farewell to you in the usual sense of the word. In making my final representation of the mimic scene in the various cities of the country, I have reserved to myself the right of meeting you again where you have made me believe that I give you pleasure which I receive myself at the same time, at the reading desk. To you, then, I say, may you fare well and may I fare well, until at no distant day, we meet—there. Meanwhile, good, kind friends, good night, and God be with you.”

Lucretia Mott



Lucretia Mott

From the engraving by J. C. Buttre

Lucretia Mott

HER carved image is worthy to stand with the greatest of our great who have died. Yet she has carved no statues, she has painted no great picture of history. She has not sung songs of immortality . . . nor written books of raving eloquence, yet, though born nearly one hundred and thirty-five years ago, the name of Lucretia Mott still lives, by the simple force of her personality."

She was a native of the island of Nantucket, and was descended from old Puritan stock. Her father, Thomas Coffin, was a leader among the Friends, and his gifted daughter received her early education at "The Nine Partners," a Friends' boarding-school in Dutchess County, New

Lucretia
Mott

Lucretia
Mott

York. It is said that she studied there for two years without even a day of vacation, except the quiet Quaker Sundays, and, at fifteen, she was an assistant teacher in the school.

In another year, she became a full-fledged teacher, working with her classes in the daytime and with her books, by a solitary candle, far into the night. She liked her work, and fully intended to be a teacher all her life, but Fate, as often, decreed otherwise.

Another teacher in the same school was James Mott, a young man belonging to a good Quaker family on Long Island. Cupid set up a school on his own account, taking these two as pupils, and, when Lucretia was nearly eighteen, and James was twenty, they were married.

In these days of what has been well termed "marital unrest," and when every daily paper teems with news of those who

have promised to take each other "for better, for worse," and, finding it to be "for worse," desire to retract their oaths and reassort themselves with other partners, it is refreshing to read of a marriage like that of Lucretia Mott.

Lucretia
Mott

Robert Collyer wrote of it thus: "If James and Lucretia had gone around the world in search of a mate, I think they would have made the choice that heaven made for them. They had lived together more than forty years when I first knew them. I thought then, as I think now, that it was the most perfect wedded life to be found on earth. They were both of a most beautiful presence. He, large, fair, with kindly blue eyes and regular features. She, slight, with dark eyes and hair. Both of the sunniest spirit; both free to take their own way, as such fine souls always are, yet their lives were so perfectly one that neither of them led or followed the

Lucretia
Mott

other, so far as one could observe, by the breadth of a line."

They were, indeed, "perfectly one," and yet unselfish. Mrs. Mott once said to a friend: "James and I have loved each other more than ever since we worked together for a great cause."

Women who lament that their club and social duties leave them no time for the "cares" of home-keeping and home-making may gather courage from the life of Lucretia Mott. She bore and reared six children, resigning their infancy to no hired hands. She sewed and cooked and washed, made rag carpets, and economised, even when there was no further need for economy.

It is recorded that she economised even upon letter-paper, that she might be able to save something more for the poor and unfortunate. A friend once received a letter from her written on scraps of paper

less than three inches square, and written on both sides at that. This letter contained a hundred and fifty words and treated of seven distinct subjects. At the end was an apology for her unusual stationery, and five dollars was enclosed for a charitable object dear to the heart of the recipient of the letter.

This frail little woman, who weighed eighty pounds when she died, at eighty, seems to have been absolutely fearless. Her house was a refuge for runaway slaves, and men who would not have been permitted to address a public audience found freedom of speech there. She assisted in forming the original Anti-Slavery Society of the United States, and three days after William Lloyd Garrison had been dragged through the streets of Boston, she addressed a meeting of Anti-Slavery women while bricks were being thrown through the windows of the hall, and, the next day,

Lucretia
Mott

Lucretia
Mott

while a riot raged outside, she exhorted the members of the convention to be steadfast and solemn "in the prosecution of the business for which they were assembled."

One evening, the Anti-Slavery people were driven out of a public hall by a mob. In this time of peril, she told another woman to "take this friend's arm—he will protect thee from the mob." "But who will protect thee, Lucretia?" asked the other woman, anxiously. "This gentleman will protect me," she answered, laying her hand upon the arm of a ruffian in a red shirt who was suspected to be the leader of the mob. Much astonished, yet with his better nature roused by this appeal to his chivalry, the man did, indeed, "protect" her, and escort her safely through the mob to the door of her own home.

When she was twenty-five, she felt called to public life and engaged in the

Quaker ministry. To a married clergyman who reminded her of St. Paul's caution to women to "keep silent in the churches," she said that St. Paul had also spoken in favour of a celibate clergy. This immediately silenced her would-be critic.

There is much eloquent testimony of her power as a preacher. For instance: "It was at a wood meeting up among the hills. She was well on in years then but the old fire still burned clear, and God's breath touched her out of heaven and she prophesied. . . . For two hours she held the multitude spellbound, waiting on her words. . . . I have said she prophesied. No other term would answer to her speech. Her eyes had 'seen the glory of the coming of the Lord' and she testified of that she had seen; and this was all the more wonderful to me, because it was the habit of her mind in later years to reason from premise to conclusion. . . .

Lucretia
Mott

But she had seen a vision sitting there in the August splendour, with the voice whispering of God's presence in the trees, and the vision had sent the heart high above the brain."

One of the Friends of Philadelphia has recorded in his diary his impressions of her pulpit work:

"Eleventh Month, 1841. Evening meeting was much crowded. I should say more than two thousand persons assembled to hear Lucretia Mott deliver one of her most thrilling discourses previous to leaving the city on a religious visit.

"Sixth Month, 1842. Lucretia Mott was favoured to preach the Gospel to the heathen in an edifying manner. I am willing to bear witness to the savour of her testimony on my spirit, believing that she is commissioned to preach the Gospel as it is in Jesus.

"Second Month, 1845. That precious

handmaid of the Lord, Lucretia Mott. Great has been her exercise and devotion in the cause of the slave; may her reward be sure. Thou precious lamb, thou hast known what it is to be in perils through false brethren and to be persecuted for righteousness' sake and thine is the kingdom of heaven. Let me bear testimony to thy edifying discourses, and be permitted to say that I believe thou art not far from the kingdom. Let this record stand to enduring generations. Amen.

"Third Month, 1846. Lucretia Mott occupied most of the meeting with an edifying discourse before eleven hundred people. Lucretia, thou beloved handmaid of the Lord! Great is thy faith and great are thy persecutions!"

Her husband gave up a lucrative business because he would not handle the products of slave labour, and Mrs. Mott herself would not ride in any public

Lucretia
Mott

Lucretia
Mott

conveyance that would not admit coloured people, nor eat nor use anything that was produced by those in helpless bondage.

In 1840, a World's Anti-Slavery Convention was held in London, and women delegates were sent to it from Anti-Slavery societies in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. They were refused admission to the conference, as delegates, merely because they were women, thus stirring Lucretia Mott to a vigorous defence of her rights.

While seated at a breakfast table where a large company were gathered, many of them among those who had voted to exclude women delegates from participation in the business of the convention, she arose in her place, unconventionally enough, and addressed them upon the subjects nearest her heart. They listened courteously at first, but finally became interested. In alluding to this incident afterward,

Emerson said: "I don't wonder Lady Byron liked her. She belongs to the aristocracy."

To the aristocracy of intellect she did, indeed, rightfully belong, but none the less she was of the common people, by choice. Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton called together the first Woman's Rights Convention in America, and began that plea for political equality which has not yet ceased.

Broad-minded, free from malice, and above carping personalities; without jealousy and bitterness and incapable of hate, she commands our admiration as woman no less than as reformer. During the last years of her life, she used to sit alone, knitting, since her faithful and devoted husband had passed away twelve years before the summons came to her.

Those frail hands were never idle, that eager, active intellect never still. She

Lucretia
Mott

had a wonderful memory and used to repeat to herself, in the twilight hours of her life, long passages from her favourite poems. These lines from her beloved *Light of Asia* may well be taken, as has been said, for the keynote of her whole life:

This will I do because the woful cry
Of life and all flesh living cometh up
Into my ears, and all my soul is full
Of pity for the sickness of this world;
Which I will heal, if healing may be found
By uttermost renouncing and strong strife.

Florence Nightingale

Florence Nightingale

Lo, in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

THUS wrote Longfellow of Florence Nightingale in his *Santa Filomena*, and the image of "the lady with the lamp" has proved to be more than a pretty figure of speech. The graduates of one well-known training school for nurses have engraved on their class pins the Latin words meaning "I bring hope." In like manner, Florence Nightingale might have

Florence
Nightingale

Florence
Nightingale
said

worn on her breast the words, "I bring light."

Before her time, English nurses were of the "Sairey Gamp" type—ignorant, superstitious, grasping, often cruel, and usually drunk. Every "Sairey" had with her a bottle of rum or gin, helping herself to the delusive comfort of it when "so disposed."

Florence Nightingale's great work began with her great heart. Even as a child, she could not bear to see people or animals suffer, and a pretty story is told of her saving "Cap," a faithful old sheep dog whose leg was broken. As he was useless he was about to be hung, when Florence interceded with the herder, went for the vicar, who said the leg was not broken, only bruised, and began treatment immediately.

She took off her red flannel petticoat and tore it into strips, bandaged the leg

tightly, and fomented it steadily with hot water until poor Cap's sufferings were measurably relieved. She attended him faithfully until he was well and found her reward in the old dog's lifelong gratitude. Even when he was on duty, guarding the sheep, and could not leave his post, he never failed to recognise her by an eager whine and joyous waggings of his tail.

When she grew to womanhood, she perceived that her life-work and her life's happiness lay in this unselfish ministry to pain. But, unlike the "Sairey Gamps," she perceived that training and study were necessary, and she spent ten long years in travel and study before she was willing to take charge of even a small hospital.

She studied in an institution at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine, and went from there to other institutions in Germany, Italy, and France. Whenever she heard of an up-to-date method in operation, she went to the

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1860

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Florence Nightingale p. 10	<p>place to investigate it, analysing, sifting, comparing, and improving, until she felt herself competent not only to nurse but to teach nursing.</p> <p>"I would say to all young ladies," she wrote, "who are called to any particular vocation, qualify yourselves for it, as a man does for his work. Don't think you can undertake it otherwise. No one should attempt to teach the Greek language until he is master of the language, and this he can only become by hard study. If you are called to man's work, do not exact a woman's privileges—the privilege of inaccuracy, of weakness, of muddleheads. Submit yourself to the rules of business as men do, by which alone you can make God's business succeed, for He has never said that He will give His success and His blessing to inefficiency, to sketchy and unfinished work."</p> <p>These trenchant words might well be</p>

taken to heart by every young woman in the land, for a vast amount of industrial disturbance has already resulted from women trying to do men's work, and keep, at the same time, "the privilege of inaccuracy, of weakness, of muddleheads."

"Muddlehead" was a favourite word of Miss Nightingale's, and expressed, tersely enough, her view of many a painful situation. When ships came from England to the Crimea, laden with shoes for the soldiers, and all the shoes proved to be for the left foot, Miss Nightingale reported to the English officer in charge: "Muddleheads do not all belong to one sex."

When she first returned from her training abroad, she took charge of a nursing home and hospital for governesses, which had fallen into disrepute through "Sairey Gamp" methods, and into dire disorder through mismanagement. In little more than a year, she had the entire place re-

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organised, a new system in full and effective operation, strict discipline in force, and the most modern of sanitary conditions throughout.

Everything was orderly, business-like, and as it should be. One felt, on entering the door, that the place had a head. Those who served under her in this hospital said of her that she had "a voice of velvet and a will of steel."

Soon after the Crimean War broke out, in 1854, reports reached England of the terrible state of affairs at the front. Justin Huntly M'Carthy portrays the situation vividly in his *History of Our Times*:

"In some instances medical stores were left to decay at Varna or were found useless in the holds of vessels in Balaklava Bay, which were needed for the wounded at Scutari. The medical officers were able and zealous men, the stores were

provided and paid for as far as the Government was concerned, but the stores were not brought to the medical men. These had their hands all idle, their eyes and souls tortured by the sight of sufferings which they were unable to relieve for want of the commonest appliances of the hospital."

Out of a total loss of about twenty-one thousand, less than three thousand were actually slain in battle—the rest died in the hospitals. During the first seven months of the siege, soldiers died at a rate which would have wiped out the entire force in less than eighteen months. When these conditions became known in England, the Minister of War asked Miss Nightingale to go to the front. She gladly consented; and, armed with full authority and with forty-two competent nurses under her direction, arrived at Constantinople the day before the Battle of Inkerman.

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After the battle, more than two thousand wounded men were brought into the wards. Several times Miss Nightingale remained on duty for twenty hours at a stretch. She gave her attention not only to the wounded but to the establishment of sanitary conditions in the camp. Within a few months after her arrival, ten thousand sick soldiers were under her care, and the row of beds in one hospital alone measured over two miles in length.

Her slight figure and her pale face inspired chivalrous devotion in the ranks. Men who had refused doggedly to submit to painful operations, yielded readily after a few words from her. "Before she came," one soldier said, "everybody was cursing and swearing, but now the place is as holy as a church."

Night after night, when she was supposed to be asleep after a day of almost incredible

work, the Lady with the Lamp, softly shod, stepped into the long, dim aisle between two rows of cots. She passed slowly, listening for the regular breathing of soldiers fallen asleep, or for the eloquent stillness encompassing one whose pain had forever ceased. Now and then she stopped, to see that all was well with some poor lad whose sufferings had been eased by the surgeon's knife, to straighten a coverlid, smooth a pillow, or put a draught of cold water to parched lips.

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At some, who were awake, she nodded and smiled; at others, who wished to talk, she shook her head and, with her finger on her lips, whispered, "Hush!" Sometimes she laid a cool, soft hand upon a fevered face, and once, for the sake of the far-away mother to whom he unceasingly called, she stooped to kiss a curly-headed boy, who quieted down like a child at the touch.

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Down the long, narrow aisle of pain she went, noiselessly yet tenderly, shading her lamp with her slender hand. Sometimes a soldier would kiss her shadow as it darkened for an instant across his pillow, and lie down again, content, for in the wake of the dark-robed Lady with the Lamp came sleep.

In less than a year she was ill with hospital fever, but as soon as she recovered she went back to her post and never left it until the war was at an end.

When she returned to England, she received a welcome that would have warmed the heart of a Queen. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, raised by popular subscription, represented the national appreciation of her services. Miss Nightingale took the money gladly—and devoted it to the endowment of training-schools for nurses. She kept only the

jewelled token which the Queen personally gave to her.

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The direct result of her work was an international agreement at the Geneva Convention, ten years later, neutralising all ambulances and military hospitals, and putting hospital inmates and staff on the footing of non-combatants. She was the first of the noble army of Red Cross women who have since followed in the wake of musketry and sabre, to comfort, to heal, and to save.

After the war, she interested herself largely in sanitary conditions as applied to the army in India, and became a valued adviser of the Government, keeping up her private work as constantly as her shattered health would permit.

"On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

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Nightingale

"A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

"Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore."

Sister Dora

Sister Dora

SIDE by side with the name of Florence Nightingale stands that of Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison, familiarly and affectionately known as "Sister Dora." She was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1832, and her childhood was much like that of other children not destined for great work and lasting fame.

It is recorded that, in her early youth, she and her sister were given velvet bonnets which they chose to consider ugly. One day when the two children were left alone in the house, Dorothy whispered, "Come, now is our chance!" It was raining hard, and the inclement weather gave the ingenious Dorothy a bright idea. They put on the hated bonnets, opened

Sister
Dora

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the window, and leaned out into the pouring rain. When the velvet was thoroughly saturated, they returned them to the handboxes. On the following Sunday, when invited to get ready for church, Dorothy explained airily that they could not go until they had new bonnets, as the others were quite unpresentable. The excuse was not accepted, nor did the new bonnets materialise, but Dorothy and her sister were forced, all winter long, to wear the despised and injured headgear, in the exact condition in which it was found!

When she was fourteen, Dorothy had a long and dangerous illness from which she did not recover for months. At that time, England was swept by a great popular enthusiasm inspired by Miss Nightingale's wonderful work in the Crimea, and, though far too young, and not strong enough to take even a short journey, Dorothy begged



Sister Dora

From the statue erected to her memory

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<p data-bbox="135 275 777 362">unceasingly to be allowed to join Miss Nightingale and help her in her work.</p> <p data-bbox="135 381 777 832">For years after her recovery she persisted in her desire to leave home and become a trained nurse. Her father continually opposed it, but finally gave in, when she was twenty-five. He refused to make her any allowance beyond what he had always given her for clothing and pin money, so she was obliged to find a way in which to earn the balance.</p> <p data-bbox="135 851 777 1201">For three years she lived alone in a small cottage, teaching school and doing all her own housework. The villagers were much astonished to discover that a woman might be a "real lady" and yet soil her hands continually with tasks which seemed degrading.</p> <p data-bbox="135 1219 777 1404">Finding it impossible to secure otherwise the longed-for training, she joined a High Church sisterhood at Coatham, called the Sisterhood of the Good Samari-</p>	<p data-bbox="821 275 886 323">Sister Dora</p>

Sister
Dora

tans, and was henceforth called "Sister Dora."

The training and discipline of the Sisterhood were rigid in the extreme. The idea was to humble pride, and to inculcate submissiveness and reverence for authority. Sister Dora was one day ordered to make all the beds in the establishment, and, having done so, was invited to pull them all to pieces and do it over. She scrubbed floors, and people came in purposely, with mud and ashes, and made the floors dirty again. Then she was ordered to scrub once more. She also cooked, cleaned grates and stoves, built fires, carried out ashes, and washed dishes—all with dignity and cheerfulness.

She was sent by the Sisterhood, when her novitiate was over, to a small hospital in Walsall. Toward the end of the year, she received orders to leave the hospital and take a private case in the

southern part of England. The people of Walsall objected to her leaving and framed a petition to the Sisterhood. At this time, she received word of her father's dangerous illness, and telegraphed to the Mother Superior, asking permission to go to him. This was immediately and sternly refused and she was ordered at once to Devonshire. With aching heart, she went. On reaching her patient's home, she learned that her father was dead. Then the Sisterhood, too late, relaxed its discipline, and wrote to her: "You may attend your father's funeral, if you please." Bitterly, she answered thus: "When my father was alive, you did not permit me to go to him. Now that he is dead, I no longer care to go."

Yet for ten years she continued to be a devoted member of the Sisterhood. She returned to Walsall, and among the poor, the ignorant, and the afflicted, carried the gospel of cleanliness and hope.

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Dora

Sister
Dora

Once, when the impression got abroad that the "Good Samaritans" were papists, the hospital was stoned by a mob from the coal mines. Sister Dora was badly cut on the forehead and carried the scar to her dying day. Before her wound had healed, however, the lad who threw the stone was carried into the hospital, badly hurt. Sister Dora recognised him, and gave him special care. One day, during his convalescence, he confessed, sobbing, "Sister, I threw that stone at you."

"Yes," she answered, quietly, "I know. I knew it as soon as you were brought in here."

"You knew," cried the boy, in wonder and admiration, "and yet you have been taking care of me like this!"

She was once given charge of an old lady who was violently insane, and whom everyone else feared to approach. Sister Dora's gentleness, patience, and tact won

the poor creature's affections, and eventually, through love, the old lady became cured. Long afterward, in speaking of it, Sister Dora said, "I had an uncommonly pleasant time with that mad old lady!"

Loving all deeply and unselfishly, Sister Dora inspired her patients with that answering love through which miracles are wrought. Once, when holding a badly burned child in her arms, Sister Dora whispered, "Hush, don't cry; Sister's got you!" "Oh," sobbed the child, "when you get to heaven, Sister Dora, I'll be waiting at the gate for you with a bouquet of flowers!"

By skilled nursing, she saved a badly injured arm which the surgeons said would have to be amputated. The man ever afterward alluded to it gratefully as "Sister Dora's arm." When she was ill and he had fully recovered, he would walk eleven miles to the hospital every Sunday morn-

Sister
Dora

Sister
Dora

ing, to ask for her. He never failed to leave this characteristic message: "Tell her it's her arm that rang the bell."

Twice she served through smallpox epidemics. At the second one an ambulance was provided in Walsall to take the stricken ones to the hospital. Sister Dora would drive to a house, enter unannounced, and say she had come to take the patient to the hospital. Resistance was useless, for Sister Dora was strong, and more than once she simply took an unwilling patient in her arms, either man or woman, deposited her ailing burden in the ambulance, and drove on. It is said that the whole town was cheered and kept from panic by the frequent passing of the ambulance and Sister Dora "with her jolly face smiling out of the window."

For six months she was practically alone in a hospital full of smallpox patients. She never had her bonnet on and went no

farther than the gate, yet, from here, she wrote to a friend: "I am still a prisoner, surrounded by my lepers. I do feel so thankful that I came. I thank God daily for my life here."

Eventually, she left the Sisterhood, and continued her work unhampered by restrictions. "I am a woman," she explained, "and not a piece of furniture." She renounced marriage with the man she loved that she might continue in her profession. "The world needs me more than he does," she said, "and I can never give up my work."

At forty-four, Sister Dora was stricken with an incurable disease. The surgeon whom she consulted told her that an operation might prolong her life, but could not save it. She insisted that the fact be kept secret—and went on with her work.

Knowing that her days were numbered, she was eager to crowd in as much of life

Sister
Dora

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Dora

as possible. She went to London to study a new antisepticing process; she went to the Paris Exposition to see new surgical appliances. Incredible as it may seem, she became more sunny and cheerful than ever. She was more self-sacrificing in behalf of her patients, more sternly self-denying, more Christ-like, and even happier than she had ever been before.

When she returned to Walsall, a new hospital bearing her name was opened by the Mayor, but she was too ill to be present. The townspeople refused to believe that their "dear lady" was ill, and when at last they were convinced that she could not recover, everyone was grief-stricken.

In every church, twice on Sundays and at the Wednesday night prayer-meeting, public prayers were offered for Sister Dora's restoration to health. In October, 1878, she wrote to a friend: "The decree has

gone forth, 'Sister, put thy house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live.' There is only Mount Calvary to climb, by the ladder of sickness. I have not had two hours' sleep for four days and nights, but in the midst of the fiery furnace there was a form like unto the Son of God."

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Eleven weeks of anguish followed, which she bore heroically, until the end came, on Christmas Eve. "I see Him there," she said; "the gates are opened wide." And through the open gates she went, free at last of all disease and pain, perhaps to find the poor little burned child of so many years ago, who had promised to wait at the gate for her "with a bouquet of flowers."

It was a sad Christmas Day for Walsall, and no celebrations were held. In some cases, even the presents intended for the children were put away, sadly, by weeping men and women. The whole city, wor-

Sister
Dora

shipping her while living, paid honour to her when she was dead.

Eight years afterward, in the midst of the smoke and dirt of the central part of Walsall, was erected a noble statue, of purest marble—a likeness of Sister Dora when she was young and beautiful, strong, and happy in her chosen work. In her last days she said once that she wished she had married, but otherwise she voiced no regret, even for her intense bodily pain. "Say of me," she said, "only this—she hath done what she could!"

Jenny Lind

Jenny Lind

THE house was quiet and the slanting afternoon sunbeams lay upon the floor. A little maid of three sat at the window, playing with a ragged and disreputable doll. Into the silent street came the sound of music and the tread of marching feet; the gleam of scarlet and gold and the cry of silver bugles. The little maid's doll fell to the floor and lay there, forgotten, till the music died away. Then the tiny feet pattered over to the piano and a dimpled forefinger strummed out the fanfare of the bugles.

The old grandmother came into the room, expecting to find the elder sister, but no one was there save the little maid of three, who crouched, half-frightened, under

Jenny
Lind

Scene
Two

the piano. "Child," cried the grandmother in astonishment, "was that you?"

Truthful Jenny could only nod, with her head hanging in shame. Much to her surprise, she was not punished for her daring. The grandmother merely observed to Mrs. Lind, when she came home again, "That child will bring you help."

The way had been hard for Jenny's mother, who had been obliged to separate herself from a worthless husband, but not until her school failed did she permit the child to be taken from her. The grandmother had rooms in the Widows' Home in Stockholm, and when Mrs. Lind at last secured a position as governess in a private family, Jenny went to the Widows' Home to live with her grandmother.

Like many other children, she liked the kitchen better than the rest of the house, and used to sit in the steward's window, playing with her cat, and singing, as the

birds sing, from sheer light-heartedness and joy. She knew no "tunes," but she made them herself as she went along, just as the thrushes make theirs. Unmindful of the crowd in the busy street, Jenny sat in her high window with her cat and sang all day.

Jenny
Lind

One fateful afternoon, the maid of Mademoiselle Lundberg, a singer at the Royal Opera House, passed the window—and stopped to listen. She took careful note of the street and number, then hastened back to tell her mistress of the wonderful voice she had heard. Her enthusiasm was contagious and Mademoiselle Lundberg sought out the child, found her mother, and arranged to have Jenny come to sing for her.

Jenny sang joyously, never before having had an audience, and Mademoiselle Lundberg was moved to tears. She wrote a letter of introduction to Herr Croelius, the

Jenny
Lind

Court secretary and singing master at the Royal Theatre, and here Jenny sang again.

"I must take her at once," said Herr Croelius, "to Count Puke, the head of the Royal Theatre, and tell him what a treasure I have found."

Jenny skipped along, unconsciously, into the Great Presence, feared alike by prima-donnas and high-salaried tenors. Count Puke was not impressed, and did not desire to hear more music.

"How old is she?" asked the Count.

"Just nine," replied Jenny's mother.

"Nine!" repeated the Count. "This is not a *crèche*, Madam; it is the King's Theatre!"

Hereupon Herr Croelius observed that if the Count would not hear her sing, he himself would teach her gratuitously. Presently the Count said, wearily, that he supposed he might as well hear her sing and be done with it. So Jenny sang once

more, and the Count gladly accepted her as his pupil. He forgot that she was but nine and small for her age; he forgot that he had made unkind remarks about her hands and feet and her homely little face; he forgot everything but the fact that into his hands was entrusted the making of a great artist.

Thus began a career in many ways the most wonderful of its century. Jenny Lind's fame swept triumphantly over Europe and America; for nearly half a century, she was a commanding figure behind the footlights, and for many years she was the acknowledged queen of song.

"As to the greater part of what I can do in my art," she wrote, when she was forty-five, "I have myself acquired it by incredible work and in spite of astonishing difficulties. . . To such a degree had God written within me what I had to study. My ideal was—and is—so high that no

Jenny
Lind

Jenny
Lind

mortal was to be found who in the least degree could satisfy my demands; therefore I sing after no one's method—only after that of the birds, so far as I am able."

The early years were full of hard work, for there are no seats along the path which leads to success. She was frightened when she was asked to sing in Copenhagen, fearing she would not be kindly received. Yet the stolid Danes gave her an ovation. "On the stage," wrote Hans Andersen, the beloved author of fairy tales, "she was the great artist who rose above all those around her; at home, in her own chamber, a sensitive young girl with all the humility and piety of a child. Her appearance in Copenhagen made an epoch in the history of our opera; it showed me art in its sanctity; I had beheld one of its vestals."

The Danish students gave her a serenade, and torches blazed around the villa in which

she was stopping. She expressed her thanks by singing a little Swedish song, without accompaniment, from the balcony—then she crept into a dark corner and wept for joy. In Copenhagen, too, she gave a concert, at double prices, for the benefit of unfortunate children. When she was told of the vast sum that had been realised at the box-office, she smiled, but the tears filled her eyes. "It is, however, beautiful," she said, simply, "that I can sing so."

Her tour through Scandinavia and Germany was like that of a royal personage. Gifts were lavished upon her, and flowers were strewn in her path. On her last night in Vienna, before going to England, the audience joined the multitude which escorted her carriage home. Thirty times, it is said, they called her to the window, crying out: "Jenny Lind! Jenny Lind! Say you will come back again!" She

Jenny
Lind

Jenny
Lind

stood at the window, sobbing like a child, and throwing flowers into the crowd, until not a blossom was left in her rooms.

Twenty thousand people were on the pier to say good-bye, when Jenny Lind sailed for England. "She embarked amid cheers, music, and tears, and, as she sailed out of the harbour, the rigging of the vessels was decorated with flags, and manned, while the artillery from the war vessels thundered salutes."

When she reached London, Lablache, the basso, who was one of the first to hear her sing, remarked that "every note was like a perfect pearl." Forthwith she borrowed his hat, and mischievously sang into it a French romanza. At the end of the song, she returned it to him, saying that she took pleasure in presenting him a hatful of pearls. Not to be outdone, Lablache avowed himself more pleased than he could have been with a hatful of diamonds.

Her income took on splendid proportions, and she gave liberally to charity. Worthy or unworthy, no one went empty-handed from Jenny Lind. She gave concerts for charities that especially appealed to her, and sang for those who longed to hear her and could not go to the concerts. She spent an afternoon in the cottage of a poor mechanic, who was bedridden, giving him gladly of that wonderful gift which had held kings and queens entranced. She went to a blind old lady of eighty, and sang for two hours, thus proving herself, indeed, "a prince among givers."

Critics say that while her voice was a clear soprano, wide in range and well schooled, there were other voices fully as good. While she lost herself wholly in the part she was playing, there were actresses greater than she. It is said that she was not prepossessing in appearance—that she was positively ugly, until she began to

Jenny
Lind

Jenny
Lind

sing. Then the beautiful soul illumined her face, put magic into her voice, and the great charm of her personality won her audience instantly.

Once, for a brief period, she lost her voice, and, as she long afterward told Mendelssohn, the agony of that first moment of realisation exceeded all she had suffered in her whole life. For, at that time, her voice was all she had. "I am convinced," wrote one of her friends in his diary, "that she would gladly exchange all her triumphs for simple, homely happiness. She sees that in Mendelssohn's house, where his wife and children make his happiness complete."

At Bath, she saw an old woman walking back and forth in front of the almshouse. After talking with her a few moments, she discovered that the one great desire of the poor old pauper's life was to hear Jenny Lind sing. "Sit down," said the

great singer, gently. The old lady heard, and wept at the beauty of the music. "Now you have heard her," said the stranger, abruptly—and went upon her flower-strewn way.

"It is indeed a great joy, and a gift from God," she wrote to her guardian in Sweden, "to be allowed to earn so much money and afterwards to help one's fellow-men with it. This is the highest joy I wish for in this life; everything else has disappeared from the many-coloured course of my path on earth. Few know, though, what a beautiful and quiet inner life I am living. Few suspect how unutterably little the world and its splendour have been able to turn my mind giddy."

The unparalleled splendour of her career, in spite of the real and lasting happiness, was powerless to satisfy the deepest need of her soul. At thirty-two, after receiving the homage of two continents, she married

Jenny
Lind

Jenny
Lind

Otto Goldschmidt and, like the people in the fairy tales, "lived happily ever after." She wrote to a friend that she had found "all that her heart ever wanted and loved."

He was nearly ten years younger than she, but the little blind god takes no note of the years when souls are truly mated. For a long time, she continued her work, at first steadily, then intermittently. Children came to her, and in order to take the best care of them and superintend their education, she left the stage forever. Her last concert, appropriately enough, was given for the Railway Servants' Benevolent Fund.

A friend once found her sitting on the beach, with an old Lutheran Bible in her lap, watching, with rapt face, the play of a glorious sunset upon the changing waters. "Why," asked the friend, softly, "did you leave the stage at the very zenith of your career?"

"When every day made me think less of this," replied Jenny Lind, referring to the Bible, "and nothing at all of that," pointing to the sunset, "what could I do?"

"There is no career," says her biographer, justly, "which can leave a deeper impression of the entire supremacy, over all the world can bring, of the spiritual motive. She is given everything, and yet all is as nothing, if it does not leave her free to sit alone by the sea-shore, and to look at the sunset, and at the old Lutheran Bible, with the pure eyes that can see God."

Jenny
Lind

▪

Louisa May Alcott

Louisa May Alcott

"DEAR SIR:—

"It is with great pleasure that I announce to you the birth of a second daughter. She was born at half-past twelve this morning, on my birthday (33), and is a very fine, healthful child, much more so than Anna was at birth—has a fine foundation for health and energy of character. . . . Abba inclines to call the babe *Louisa May*, a name to her full of every association connected with amiable benevolence and exalted worth. I hope its present possessor may rise to equal attainment and deserve a place in the estimation of society.

"With Abba's and Anna's and Louisa's

Louisa
May
Alcott

Louisa
May
Alcott

regards, allow me to assure you of the sincerity with which I am

“Yours,

“A. BRONSON ALCOTT.”

Thus Miss Alcott's father announced her birth to a beloved friend, little dreaming, at the time, what a real blessing this birthday-child of his would eventually prove to be.

The little maiden thrived from the beginning, and developed most sunny and lovable qualities. The good fairy who presided over her earthly destinies endowed her also with that finest gift of the gods—a sense of humour.

Before she was able to speak plainly, the infant Louisa pounded upon the breakfast table one morning to attract the attention of those present, and announced, emphatically, “I lub everybody in dis whole world!”

She seems to have spoken truly, for no



Louisa May Alcott
From a photograph

one can doubt, when reading of her beautifully unselfish life, that she was inspired wholly by love and devotion, not only to her family, but to the soldiers she nursed in the war, and, indeed, to the whole world.

Louisa
May
Alcott

Poverty, that handmaiden of the great, was a familiar guest in the Alcott home. Bronson Alcott, gifted though he was, was extremely unpractical. The family lived mostly upon plain boiled rice without sugar, and brown bread and mush without butter or molasses. Yet in spite of worldly misfortunes, happiness dwelt securely in their humble abode.

The children kept diaries and the family wrote letters to each other. Had Bronson Alcott been consciously training his daughter for authorship, he could not have done better than he did. Before she was thirteen, she was writing thus in her diary:

"I wrote in my imagination book to-day

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and enjoyed it very much. Life is pleasanter than it used to be and I don't care about dying any more. Had a splendid run and got a box of cones to burn. Sat and heard the pines sing a long time. Read Mrs. Bremer's *Home* in the eve. I had a pleasant time with my mind, for it was happy."

At the same period, she speaks of reading *Kenilworth* and *The Heart of Midlothian*, and childish poems frequently appear, in unformed but legible handwriting, among the more serious entries.

The story in *Little Women*, of giving the breakfast to a hungry family, is literally true. At another time, when a neighbour was descended upon by distinguished guests and the larder was in the condition of Old Mother Hubbard's famous cupboard, Louisa impulsively loaned the family's entire dinner, consulting no one until afterward. Probably no objection would

have been made, however, since Bronson Alcott himself once divided his stock of wood with a neighbour who had none. "Never mind," said Mrs. Alcott, cheerily, "we can go to bed to keep warm when the wood gives out and amuse ourselves by telling stories."

The husband and father returned late one winter's night from a long lecturing trip, with exactly one dollar in his purse. He had been paid a little more, he explained forlornly, but as his overcoat had been stolen, he had been obliged to buy a shawl. After paying his travelling expenses, there was this one lone dollar left.

For a moment dismay seized the family, for the need was very great. Then Mrs. Alcott said: "I call that doing very well. Since you are safely home, dear, we don't ask anything more."

Louisa was a good teacher, sewed nicely, and began to find a market for her stories,

Louisa
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but prices were low. One winter's earnings she summed up as follows: "School, one quarter, \$50.00; sewing, \$50.00; stories, \$20.00, if I am ever paid."

Once she went out to service for two months, and though she worked very hard and was treated like any common drudge, her father's philosophy and her own sense of humour stood her in good stead. She came from the ordeal with material for one of her best stories, *How I Went Out to Service*.

She served as nurse in the Civil War until she was taken ill and had to go home. Here she gathered material for her *Hospital Sketches*, though life must have been hard enough without taking any excursions in the difficult path of literary composition.

"Up at six," she wrote, "dress by gas-light, run through my ward and throw up the windows, though the men grumble and shiver; but the air is bad enough to

breed a pestilence, and as no notice is taken of our frequent appeals for better ventilation, I must do what I can. Poke up the fire, add blankets, joke, coax, and command, but continue to open doors and windows as if life depended upon it. . . . Till noon I trot, giving out rations, cutting up food for helpless boys, washing faces, teaching my attendants how beds are made or floors are swept, dressing wounds, dusting tables, sewing bandages, keeping my tray tidy, rushing up and down after pillows, bed linen, sponges, books, and directions until it seems as if I would joyfully pay down all I possess for fifteen minutes' rest. . . . The answering of letters from friends after someone has died is the saddest and hardest duty a nurse has to do."

After fifteen years of "hard grubbing," privation, and unfaltering courage, Louisa Alcott came into her own. Gradually

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the prices for her stories increased, and from having no publisher at all, her condition changed amazingly. Three or four publishers asked for her work, and with the appearance of *Moods*, her fortunes were firmly established.

"I feel very moral to-day," she wrote to her sister, "having done a big wash alone, baked, swept the house, picked the hops, got dinner, and written a chapter in *Moods*."

But her unselfish devotion to others shattered her health and she was never quite so strong again. Disconsolately, for her, she wrote in her diary in 1872:

"Home again, and begin a new task. Twenty years ago, I resolved to make the family independent if I could. At forty, this is done. Debts all paid, even the outlawed ones, and we have enough to be comfortable. It has cost me my health, perhaps, but as I still live, there is more for me to do, I suppose."

No wonder the weary worker, having accomplished her long task, should write thus. The mountain-climber, when first reaching the summit, does not immediately begin to enjoy the view, but, after rest from exhausting effort, when the free air of heaven revives him, and sustained by the knowledge of work well done, he may look about him and say, "I am glad."

Twenty-five fine volumes, reaching at last that coveted dignity of authorship, a uniform edition, represent to us Louisa Alcott's earthly work. From these, to her, during her lifetime, went about two hundred thousand dollars in royalties. She helped her sisters, took care of her father and mother, educated nephews and nieces—and spent very little upon herself.

The dear, impractical father, adoring to the last his "birthday-child," died only

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two or three days before she did, and his funeral occurred on the day she died. She did not know of his death, unless, beyond that mysterious grey veil which hides Eternity from us and which never parts save for a passage, he was waiting, with a smile upon his fine old face, to welcome his tired daughter home.

The thin, cold hands, crossed at last in perfect peace, have long since become part of the all-hiding, all-absolving dust, but their work lives on. Generations yet unborn shall laugh with her *Little Men*; listen, by the firelight, to *Spinning Wheel Stories*; cry over the dear dog who was lost in *Under the Lilacs*; sit, enchanted, with *Jack and Jill* in the wonderful room Jack's mother fitted up for them, and grow to true womanhood by means of the yellowed, tear-stained pages of *Little Women*.

Grown to maturity, who shall not find the clock magically turned back by open-

ing *Eight Cousins*. Who shall not find once more the springtime joy of first love in *Rose in Bloom*? And who, passing the heavily laden shelves of a crowded bookstore, jaded past all expression and sick to death of the world and its ways, shall not look at life for an instant through her eyes at seeing the brown books which bear her name?

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She wrote much, yet never a line that was unworthy, nor a sentence that was unclean. She taught, unfailingly, the gospel of cheerfulness and courage, even in the midst of poverty and almost incredible toil. Thousands of men and women may date their high standards of life and conduct from the day that one of her simple stories first came into their hands.

Simply human, and therefore vital, her work has always the indefinable quality we call "charm." It is in itself the

160	Louisa May Alcott
Louisa May Alcott	<p data-bbox="260 247 899 445">perfect portrayal of a sweet-souled, unselfish woman, whose serenity could not be disturbed by adversity, and who met the world gallantly, with a smile.</p>

Queen Victoria

Queen Victoria

WHEN the best-loved Queen of England died, after reigning for more than fifty years, she left a precious legacy to all the women in the world. No one can read of her private life without marvelling at her simplicity, wondering at her true greatness, and being glad that, Queen though she was, she found her greatest joy in husband and home.

"Take care of her," the Duke of Kent used to say, "for she will one day be Queen of England." This did not seem very probable, for there were uncles and cousins between Victoria and the throne, and the father did not live to see his prophecy fulfilled.

The Queen's long life was probably due to her mother's wisdom in keeping her,

Queen
Victoria

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Victoria

almost from her birth, as much as possible in the open air. She had a donkey, gaily decorated with blue ribbons, which she used to ride; a garden which she cared for herself, and, on rainy days, she played with her dolls, of which she had almost a hundred and fifty.

She was taught to sew, to economise, to control her temper, to be gracious and tactful in manner, and, in less than a month after her eighteenth birthday, she ascended the throne.

King William IV. died at half-past two on the morning of June 20, 1837. At five o'clock, the Archbishop of Canterbury appeared at Kensington Palace and asked to see "Her Royal Highness," saying that he had "important business." The attendant refused to disturb the Princess, who was sleeping calmly. "But," replied the Archbishop, "we are come on business of state to the *Queen!*"

Within a few moments, sleepy, frightened, hesitating, Victoria entered the room in her nightgown, with a shawl wrapped around her. Her nightcap had fallen off and her hair hung loosely over her shoulders. Tears were in her eyes, and her slippered feet tapped the floor nervously.

Queen
Victoria

After the Archbishop told her that she was now Queen of England, her first words were, "I beg your grace to pray for me." Then she wrote a note of condolence to Queen Adelaide, addressing it to "Her Majesty, the Queen." "But you are Queen," she was reminded. "Yes," she answered, "but the widowed Queen is not to be first reminded of it by me."

Before noon of the same day, she attended the Council in the palace, choosing to come in alone, rather than attended by the officers of state.

The next day she was proclaimed Queen from the open window of St.

Queen
Victoria

James's Palace. She was dressed in deep mourning and the tears ran down her cheeks when Lord Melbourne presented her to the waiting crowd as their sovereign.

Within a week she went to Parliament, gowned magnificently in crimson velvet trimmed with gold and ermine, hung over a white brocade petticoat embroidered in gold. She wore a tiara, bracelets, necklace, and stomacher of diamonds, and her carriage was drawn by eight white horses, attended by a full military escort. She made her speech dissolving Parliament from a throne of crimson velvet and gold, with the royal mantle of purple velvet held over her shoulders by the lords-in-waiting.

She continued to rise at six in the morning, as had been her habit, and to have a lady-in-waiting read to her while her hair was being dressed. She refused to sign any paper until she had thoroughly mas-

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<p>tered the contents, and, in one busy year of her reign, she read and signed over twenty-eight thousand state documents.</p> <p>A year after she first ascended the throne, she was crowned in state in Westminster Abbey. The old crown of England weighed almost seven pounds and she declared that it was too heavy for her, so a smaller, lighter one was made, set with nearly three thousand diamonds and the magnificent ruby worn by Henry V. at Agincourt.</p> <p>When she dismounted from the state carriage, cannon thundered and trumpets sounded. Her train, of crimson velvet and gold, was carried by eight young peeresses. After music, prayers, and a sermon, the Queen took the oath, kneeling. Afterward, while cloth of gold was held over her head by four Knights of the Garter, she was anointed with holy oil by the Archbishop of Canterbury, invested with the imperial robe and ring and sceptre,</p>	<p>Queen Victoria</p>

Queen
Victoria

and when she bent to have the crown placed on her head, all the peers and peeresses put on their coronets, crying, "God save the Queen!"

Taking off her crown again, she was given the sacrament, and shortly afterward she drove back to the palace through streets well-nigh impassable. Her favourite spaniel was barking when she drove up. "There's Dash," she cried in pleasure, forgetting for the moment the solemn ceremony through which she had just passed.

Cloth of gold and ermine and magnificent robes of state were not to the young Queen's taste. She went to the opera, once, dressed in a simple white cotton gown, with pale blue ribbons in her hair. She wore white by preference, with a simple hat.

Kings and Queens and officers of state were at this time endeavouring to find a

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<p data-bbox="132 247 779 498">suitable husband for her. Wearying of their continual arguments in favour of this candidate and that, she finally announced that she would exercise her Royal prerogative and choose her own husband.</p> <p data-bbox="132 514 779 710">Her choice, as the world knows, was Prince Albert. Immediately after their engagement, he wrote to his grandmother thus:</p> <p data-bbox="132 725 779 1408">“The Queen sent for me alone to her room a few days ago, and declared to me, in a genuine outburst of love and affection, that I had gained her whole heart and would make her intensely happy if I would make the sacrifice of sharing her life with her, for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice; the only thing which troubled her was that she did not think she was worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told this quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away by it. . . . Since that moment,</p>	<p data-bbox="816 252 899 302">Queen Victoria</p>

Queen
Victoria

Victoria does whatever she fancies I should wish or like and we talk together a great deal about our future life, which she promises me to make as happy as possible."

Victoria, meanwhile, was writing to her uncle: "My mind is quite made up and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. . . . I love him more than I can say. . . . These last few days have passed like a dream to me; and I am so much bewildered by it all that I know hardly how to write, but I do feel very happy."

They were married in February, in St. James's Palace, the bride wearing white satin and orange blossoms, with a magnificent veil of Honiton lace. When her husband's people went home, she wrote in

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<p data-bbox="132 247 778 660">her diary: "Oh, how I feel for my dearest, precious husband at this moment. Father, brother, friends, country—all he has left and all for me. God grant that I may be the happy person, the most happy person, to make this dearest, blessed being happy and contented. What is in my power to make him happy, I will do."</p> <p data-bbox="132 675 778 1193">Victoria kept her word nobly, as became a Queen. For twenty-one years they lived together in perfect happiness. Being the husband of a Queen is not, in itself, a position to be envied by any man, but the Prince Consort conducted himself with such nobility and tact that he soon won the hearts of all about him and was second only to the Queen herself in the affections of the people.</p> <p data-bbox="132 1208 778 1404">Nine children were born to them, and all were christened in the same cap and gown of Honiton lace. After the birth of the first son, the Queen wrote to her</p>	<p data-bbox="809 252 888 307">Queen Victoria</p>

**Queen
Victoria**

uncle: "I wonder very much whom our little boy will be like. You will understand how fervent are my prayers—and I am sure everybody's must be—to see him resemble his father in every respect, both in body and mind. Oh, my dearest uncle, I am sure if you knew how happy, how blessed, I feel, and how proud in possessing such a perfect being as my husband, and if you think you have been instrumental in bringing about this union, it must gladden your heart."

When Prince Albert was twenty-eight, he was made Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and was obliged to read his speech to the Queen, who sat on the throne in the great hall—a circumstance very embarrassing to both. "I cannot say," said the Queen, "how it agitated and embarrassed me to have to receive this address, and hear it read by my beloved Albert, who walked in at

the head of the University, and who looked dear and beautiful in his robes."

After twenty-one years of married life, the Queen wrote to her uncle: "On Sunday we celebrated, with feelings of deep gratitude and love, the twenty-first anniversary of our blessed marriage. . . . Very few can say with me that their husband, at the end of twenty-one years, is not only full of the friendship, kindness, and affection, which a truly happy marriage brings with it, but of the same tender love as in the very first days of our marriage."

Late in 1861, the same year in which the above letter was written, the Prince Consort died after a brief illness caused by overwork and a cold. After the first terrible grief was over, the Queen said sadly: "There is no one to call me Victoria now." All through her life—and perhaps still—a memorial service was held at his tomb on the anniversary of his death.

Queen
Victoria

Queen
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It was five years after his death before she personally opened Parliament again. The robes of state were laid upon a chair near her and the Lord Chancellor read her speech. She wore a simple robe of dark purple with a cap of white lace.

Many years afterward, she joined her beloved husband in death, becoming more eager for the meeting toward the end. Aside from her great and lasting service of state to England, the whole world has reason to be grateful to her for her shining example as wife and mother, to be which is, indeed, "more than queen."

THE END

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